

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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The Front Page

ENOUGH has been brought out by the insurance inquiry during the past week to show that a man like Hon. George A. Cox is in a powerful financial position. He is in a position ten times more powerful than his actual wealth, great as it is, would place him. Various companies, like a system of well arranged mirrors, reflect his resources back and forth until they seem beyond count or measurement. He occupies a position so exceptional that all the ordinary laws of business have no option but to bend in his favor as he may desire, and it must be regarded as a mighty fortunate circumstance for this community that he is not a man vain to play with power, not a man reckless in risking it, nor a man likely to be so unfortunate in business at any time as to need to use all the funds that have been taught to know his whistle and come at his call. Hon. George A. Cox is about the strongest pillar supporting the financial edifice in Toronto. He has helped more men over the stile than any other person in the city. He has been not only able, but what is more important, he has been willing to do services of this kind, and always shrewdly, to the salvation of the helped, and without loss to the helper. It is not probable that an investigation, however searching, will much injure a man whose financial strength and generosity of method have brought him hostages from every encampment round about him. But it seems certain that popular opinion will compel the law to interpose with regulations of some kind that will make it impossible for any living man to stride over all the boundaries that experience has set up around sound business. No matter how strong a man's position may be, or may seem to be, the laws of the financial universe should not suspend at his approach. Mr. Cox needed a lot of money to help a friend over heavy trouble, and he got it with a readiness possible to no other man in the city. He had control of the Imperial Life, but he is the kind of man who never uses control. He can get what he wants from anybody who knows him. He arranged with the Imperial Life for a loan of \$158,000 to Mr. Ames, and he guaranteed it, in addition to handing over stocks and bonds which, on being sold, more than realized the amount. The overplus was paid to Mr. Cox. No doubt it was all right. Mr. Cox also requested the Imperial Life to buy four per cent. debentures of the Toronto Savings and Loan Company to the value of \$71,800, which he guaranteed would pay six per cent. The insurance company at the moment had an overdraft at the bank on which six per cent. was being paid. It was not in a position to buy the debentures, but it bought them. What was the essence of this transaction? The company borrowed money at six per cent. and loaned it at six per cent.; it made nothing out of it, could make nothing, and took any risk there was in it, although this, no doubt, was small. In a word, the credit of the company was put to uses other than its own. This isn't business, but friendship. There is more friendship to record. Six years ago Mr. Cox, Mr. Flavelle and Mr. Ames presented the then young company with a free gift of \$91,000 in order to put it on a sure footing. It was an act of generosity that people did not expect the insurance inquiry to reveal. But it wasn't business—it isn't insurance business as the people understand it. Company after company is found to have called in loans and acquired securities at the end of December and parted with them on the second of January—to make a deceptive showing to the Government for the year. This is not sound business, nor is it good inspecting that permits such shuffling in money and with securities. In dealing in unauthorized securities some of the companies have been mighty fortunate. There is no other word for it. Not skill, but the luck of the game, made them winners instead of losers. Transactions in heavy amounts were not recorded until months later, until they could be recorded more favorably. This is not business. About friendship this may be said, that while it is a noble thing in its place, it should not be admitted where insurance funds are being handled. Mr. Cox is safe as the bank. Any company is rendered safer by his connection with it, not only because of his capital, but because of his character; but no man should own insurance and other companies and have them playing in and out with each other, unless under a supervision of law that will impose the most inexorable rules of strict business in regard to every transaction. The Cox companies are sound, but the investigation shows that they need new fences, and no gates between them.

SOME remarks about the press appear to be called for at the present moment, a stranger having come to Toronto and raised considerable money ostensibly for the benefit of the local Press Club, but without the knowledge of the members of that organization. The newspaper men were going to give a theatrical performance at Shea's Theater and decided to print a programme packed with samples of the art and wit possessed by the members. They decided to permit some advertising in these playbills in order to cover expenses, and a competent outsider presenting himself, he was secured to solicit the advertising. Not content with that, he seems to have solicited cash contributions from prominent people who had nothing to advertise, and as the extent of these contributions is revealed, one wonders somewhat at the generosity displayed. Steam and electric railway magnates, men in or on the edge of politics, financiers and men of business, crunched up with a heartiness quite remarkable. The cheques ranged from \$5 to \$300, and were given as free-will offerings. The Press Club had not authorized any such solicitation of money: the newspapers of the city knew nothing about it. The stranger, employed to do a definite and regular bit of business for the Club, saw almost unlimited opportunities for gathering money, and got busy. But there is nothing particularly unusual about the stranger. Wherever large ripe cheques hang invitingly to the hand of anybody who cares to pluck them, there is always a stranger ready to do the reaching. But why were the cheques so ripe, so ready, so easily reached?

Men do not loosen up to the extent of one or two hundred dollars to every peddler of a subscription list who drops in on them, and, therefore, it must be assumed that their generosity on this occasion expressed their goodwill towards the press or their desire to secure the goodwill of the press. But they labored under some misapprehensions, and it would be interesting to know where the writers of these cheques got their impression that the journalists of the city would go around begging money in this way, and on what they based their estimate of the journalists when they took it for granted that they would gather alms so that they could establish a social club? They were imposed upon, but the fact that they could be so readily imposed upon will not be considered a compliment by the press of the city. There is a class of loafers and floaters in this and other cities who pose as journalists, and in the name of the press sponge some kind of a living out of the town. It is unfair to estimate the press at the ascertained value of these castaways, who trade on the tradition that a writer is necessarily impetuous. As a matter of fact, the joke about the poverty of editors has more than served its term. Throughout Ontario one can scarcely go into a town where he will not find an editor ranking among the more substantial

and the prosperity of the city and country. The evening papers especially importance. The average paper has more than doubled in circulation and of business done.

SIR HECTOR LANGEVIN is dead. People throughout Canada have forgotten what he did, but they remember him as a discredited Minister who dropped out of public life shortly after the taking off of Sir John Macdonald. I am going to say something for this dead man. When anyone speaks of political crookedness the first name he mentions is that of Langevin, and, in Ontario, at least, he has been regarded as the prince of treasury looters. Yet from beside his cold clay at Quebec there comes to the Toronto press a despatch that will rather surprise newspaper readers. "Sir Hector Langevin," says the despatch, "although he had administered so many millions year after year while at the head of the greatest of spending departments, dies a comparatively poor man, and if any man could say upon his death-bed 'These hands are clean,' it was certainly the late leader of the French Conservative party." That gives one something of a jolt, and yet there is very little reason to doubt

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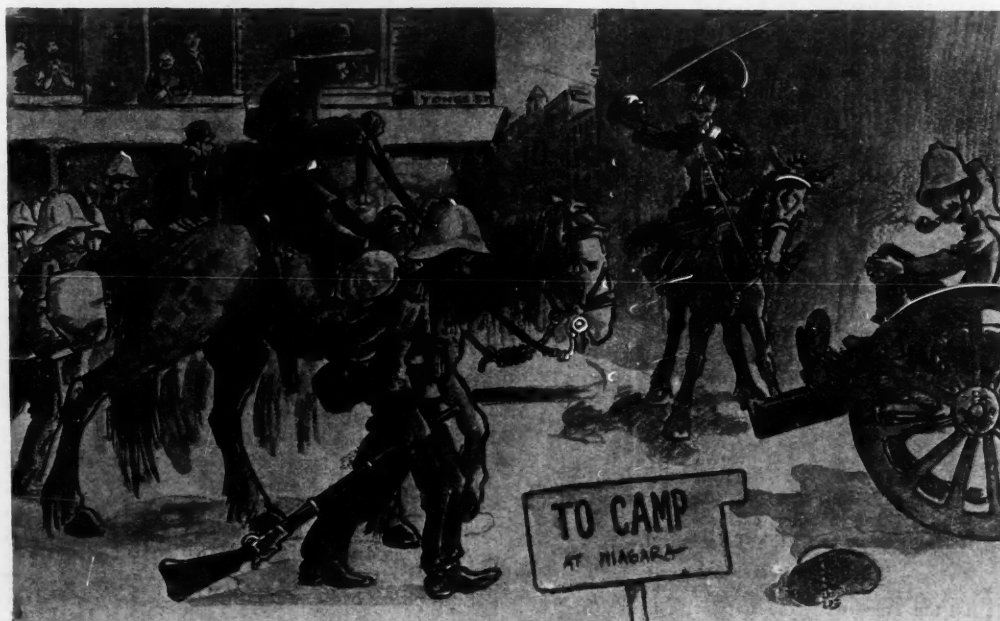
say "with hands as clean as those of a campaign fund handler can be." If he touched pitch, it was for the party—a practice that neither originated nor ended with him, but flourished before him and flourishes after him. In raising funds for the party from contractors, he differed from others in some respects, for he did it almost openly; he was found out, and here is what makes his case unique, he was thrown over by his party leader because of it. Leaders in this country have not thrown overboard other such offenders.

A false standard of honesty is set up, however, when men say of one who has died that he handled millions, yet remained poor. Honesty still has to do with the way he handled those millions. A man should be held as strictly accountable for what he does for his party as what he does for himself. A dishonesty is as real in one case as the other. From top to bottom of our politics incalculable damage is done by this idea that no individual whatever, but that headless and bodiless and soulless thing The Party, is accountable for any crime or misdemeanor committed in its behalf. It is not so. Men who fatten temporarily at the expense of a party may benefit by vicious practices, but these in time ruin the party and condemn it to failure, defeat and disgrace. We have seen it more than once. While excuses are found for those who do evil for the party's sake, we shall continue to see it, for dishonesty spreads to the vitals of a party as a malignant disease spreads through the body of a man.

AMONG the recent additions to the population of Canada is a Russian who has attracted attention to himself by piling obstructions on a railway track in an effort to derail a train. When arrested and questioned as to the reason for his mad act, he explained that he could not bear to see people riding comfortably in trains while he had to walk. He will probably be stowed away for some time in a place where he will not be annoyed by seeing trains go by. This is a reasonably free country for people to come to when they grow weary of the oppressions of Europe, but we cannot make it free enough to suit all comers. Here is a man who has leaped out of the boiling cauldron of Russia; he has arrived in a land where he does not need to fear conscription, where his body is in no terror of the knout, where even tramps grow fat, where the police must respect every law they enforce; he has penetrated a thousand miles into this country, laboriously learning our language, and about the first use he makes of English is to stutter out an explanation of why he tried to wreck a train. In succoring the distressed millions of Europe, this country will get hold of some queer people.

IN the early days there was a great rivalry between Toronto and Hamilton, and groups of men from each city went out through the Province rousing the people to vote bonuses to railway lines. There were some great talkers in those days, and whether by superior eloquence or better luck, Toronto got somewhat the best of it, as line after line of railway was laid down. But the bonusing left some hard feelings in many municipalities, where the actual results fell far below the glowing promises of the spell-binders. Old grudges are still nursed against railways, as one may learn by conversing with the grandfathers of hamlets that now doze in the June sun and long ago ceased to expect greatness. The conditions that existed here fifty years ago are, to some extent, repeated in newer parts of Canada. There is the same rivalry between Calgary and Edmonton, and the struggle as to which shall lead will be determined by much the same factors. Men are the factors. Three or four men make all the difference in the world to a place—three or four men who get up and do things instead of being content to "dream them all day long." Toronto had but one advantage over Hamilton in the early days, and that consisted in the fact that she held the seat of Government, which circumstance influenced the minds of people in outside places when they were asked to decide whether they would bonus a railway to Toronto or to Hamilton. Perhaps that one thing turned the scale in Toronto's favor. To-day, it may be, that in the matter of men Hamilton has the advantage. What I mean to say is that while Toronto has many men of wealth, influence and energy, they live in the city, but do not belong to her. They are never found taking any interest in municipal affairs. They let her drift where she will. They assume no responsibility of municipal citizenship; they pay what taxes they must, carry on such business or financial operations as will prove profitable to themselves, but concern themselves not at all in problems as to good government or in schemes to advertise the city or attract industries to her. Many of them take no interest in the Board of Trade, but weaken it by their conspicuous absence from it. If they have political influence they use it in personal matters, but never in seeking to hurry along such a public necessity as a bridge over Yonge street, or in urging forward such a work as a new Union Station to replace acres of fallen walls where fire defaced the city. When a city grows large her leading men grow too big to be bothered with questions of general progress. They leave all that to the little fellows, while they look abroad to the limitless West, to Mexico, to Cuba, for large investments and imposing undertakings. Evidence is not lacking, however, to show that in Hamilton there are men of size who feel that they have a city to make, and never miss a chance to help a bit in the making of it. A millionaire manufacturer from the United States, thinking of establishing a factory in Canada, may visit Toronto and get away; but if he visits Hamilton he cannot leave until he has selected his site and closed his plans. The greatest natural advantage a city can have wears clothes and has a think tank under his hat.

In a newer region there is the same rivalry. Up North there is competition between New Liskeard and Haileybury as to which shall be the center of things. The former place has had the advantage heretofore. When the Ontario Government ran a special excursion of legislators and other notable persons up into that country a fortnight ago, Haileybury made ready for the occasion. The entire population turned out in holiday attire, arches were built, addresses prepared, and Editor



HORSE, FOOT, AND ARTILLERY.



"FUNNY WHAT A DIFFERENCE" JUST THE TWO WEEKS MAKE!

business men of the place. Sometimes one hears the complaint that they have, as a class, grown too prosperous, and lack the old zeal that glowed in the days when an editor dared hope but for a living and a chance to write the thing he would. Yet, no doubt, the newspapers of a former day have disappeared for the same reason that the stage-coach and toll-gate have gone. The country has grown over and beyond them. In the city the newspapers have become great properties. The *Globe* must have a value of half a million dollars, and the *Mail and Empire* not much less. On the street the proprietor of the *Telegram* is credited with an annual income of something like \$50,000 a year. Rumor hazards the guess that there is an investment of not less than \$250,000 in the *News*. In seven years the *Star* has grown from nothing into about as great a newspaper property as any in the city. At various times offers in six figures have been made for the *World*, but no sum in mere money could induce Mr. Maclean to descend from the pulpit he built with his own hands. The daily newspaper of to-day is a huge property, consuming much raw material, and employing a great deal of expert labor. There is no reason whatever for the tradition of impunctuality to still cling to the business. It is on the same footing as any other modern business, and the salaries paid to writers are steadily increasing as the demand for competent men improves. If the newspaper men of Toronto desire to establish a house of their own they can do so, or will not do so until they can. Those who go begging in the name of the press may be set down as impostors. The growth of the daily press in Toronto during the past ten years has been astonishing. The use of type-setting machines

that, when Sir Hector was milking railway subsidies and securing rake-offs from contractors, he was building up the party campaign fund and not his own private fortune. No doubt his hands were clean if that sort of work leaves a man's hands clean, and there are politicians in both Ottawa and Toronto who profess to have the very cleanest of hands, although they have handled considerable funds of the same kind. Sir Hector was one of the most proficient practitioners of the art of politics as known in Canada. The way it is played, the Government supplies the contracts, the contractors supply the money, and the money procures the votes and the influence that keep the Government in office. A raw art of politics it is, but it gets there. Langevin was an excellent exponent of the game, yet he was about the only public man who ruined himself in playing it. But for the cloud that hovered above him in this connection, he would have succeeded Sir John Macdonald in the Premiership. Instead, Sir John Thompson was called in by the Governor-General, but he declined to act, and insisted that Sir J. J. C. Abbott should accept. But Thompson was the dominant influence at that time, and he had ideas of his own about a Minister raising campaign funds as Langevin had done. He insisted on Sir Hector's retirement and the withdrawal of McGreevy and Rykert from the House of Commons. There has been no moral vigor quite equal to Sir John Thompson's displayed since that time. Langevin retired, saying nothing; his enemies attributed his silence to guilt, while his friends ascribed it to his loyalty to the party he served, and which he would bear no hand in exposing. He is gone, and eulogists say he died poor and with clean hands—shall we not at least amend it and

Farr of the local paper made ready to reap the hopes of his life. But someone had blundered, and the Government excursion train whirled through the ambitious young town at the rate of thirty miles an hour. If the people live a hundred years they will never forget the humiliation of that moment! When, on the return journey, the legislators stopped there, apologetic and anxious to please, the town let them go hang, and the people could scarce be induced to look out the windows at them. The blunder of scorning an expectant town is one difficult to repair.

UP on the shores of Lake Huron there is a place of mystery. Several years ago a French-Canadian settled on the shore some miles below Bayfield and began building a city all on his own account. The people of the neighborhood could not see what he was driving at, nor has he ever been much of a hand at gratifying local curiosity. People said there was no possibility of making a harbor there—no possibility of making anything there. But the stranger went ahead with his work, and the place came to be known as the "Dream City." It has been one of the sights of that region. People travel to see it, and to make guesses as to what it means. A few years ago, when Mr. Tarte was Minister of Public Works, an item was put through the estimates for a \$5,000 wharf at "Dream City," or St. Joseph, as it is called. Mr. Tarte and a few friends went up to see the place before expending the money. The Clinton *New Era* (Liberal) seeks to throw some light on the dim question as to how such an expenditure could come to have been made in face of a protest from the sitting member for the riding. It explains that "the wizard of St. Joseph" has influential relatives in Montreal. Not only so, but he knows how to make use of an opportunity, for when he heard that the Minister (Mr. Tarte) was coming, he engaged a brass band for the occasion, decorated the approaching sidewalks with flags, got out bills inviting the curious populace to gather in, and met the Minister with such a whirl of color, music and enthusiasm, that Mr. Tarte was quite convinced that such a busy center needed a wharf. He went away, so did the people, and the band; the flags were gathered in, and the peace of the ages again brooded over the silent shores until the men came to build the wharf. There was busy bustle for a time. Now it stands—or most of it does—to commemorate the visit of Mr. Tarte, and to do little else. The work never has been finished. If the wizard of St. Joseph should pass away the secret of what purpose the wharf was designed to serve would perish with him. But Mr. Contine—the wizard's name is Contine—has not by any means passed away. He was in Toronto recently, and told a reporter that he had financed his scheme for a canal from St. Joseph to a point on Lake Erie. It will cost a mere bagatelle of thirty-five million dollars, and he says he has arranged for the money. Good for Mr. Contine! When he stacks up his money and builds that canal, the scoffers in Huron county will look like thirty cents. But why go on with the wharf until the canal gets under way?

THE late Detective Murray was about as successful a detector of crime as we are likely to meet with outside the pages of fiction where we read of remarkable deductive reasoning and the fastening of guilt on the most improbable persons. The fact impressed me, on reading Murray's story of his career, that throughout his experience, crimes were not committed by improbable persons, but by men who readily and naturally came under suspicion. The average murderer is not an interesting person, but a coarse and often ignorant animal. If in fiction we meet with marvellous detectives, there, too, and perhaps nowhere else, we encounter remarkable criminals with fine and subtle minds. In reading Murray's book one feels that he, in most cases, could almost at a glance see guilt starting out of the face of the hired man, or the false wife, or the beetle-browed neighbor, and his method was to go right at this theory and either establish or disprove it forthwith. He ascribed success in his calling to hard and faithful work—without which who succeeds in anything?

CHAIRMAN SMITH of the Temiskaming and Ontario Railway Commission, replies to those who charge the Board with levying extortionate rates and following a grasping policy in order to be able to present a good showing. He says the rates are the same as those paid in other parts of the Province, except that specially reduced rates are charged on silver ore being carried to smelters within the Province. The complaints made in the North are voiced with some anger and impatience by the *Temiskaming Herald* of New Liskeard, which says: "First-class passengers are crowded into second-class coaches and even their suit cases refused admission to the car. Damage claims on freight are paid only after weeks and sometimes months of quibbling—if paid at all, and delivery is granted only when forced by the competition of the boxes. Express rates are exactly double those paid in any other part of the Province, and as for the telegraph system, it is a disgrace to the Commission. Double rates are being charged for service which is simply ridiculous. Sparks from the engines still fall in the brushwood by the side of the track, which should long since have been removed, igniting fires which come raging down on settlers' property. And all this to grasp the last available cent—the pound of flesh from this struggling district. Not satisfied with all the blood that can be sucked by the octopus, the Commissioners have even descended to the questionable games of professional speculators. They buy a farm for a song and then by advertising that on it they will station the road's divisional point, they unload on the public to the tune of \$5,000. That this wilderness farm cannot in the nature of things be the real divisional point of the railroad, at least for years to come, or that the impression given is absolutely false, is of little concern. Money, money, give us money. Capitalize it, bond it, water the stock."

Chairman Smith makes reply to such complaints as these that "People seem to think that because the railway is a Government one they should be able to use it for nothing." There may be some such inclination of mind. It has been the ruin of the Intercolonial, and politicians have not been strong enough to enforce ordinary rates and regulations. But while the new road should not be made a second Intercolonial, yet a new region should not be bled unnecessarily in order that a Board of Commissioners may make a good showing. Mr. Smith says the Commission will gladly investigate any specific complaint laid before them. The complaints made by the *Herald* are specific enough to answer the purpose. These complaints are: (1) That first-class passengers are jammed into second-class coaches and are not allowed to carry their hand bags; (2) that damage claims on freight are not looked after as they should be; (3) that express rates are double; (4) that telegraph rates are double and the service disgraceful; (5) that brushwood along the line has not been removed, but causes fires, a carelessness that any Government-owned concern should be



Foozle (who has found a sandy cup)—Let's see, caddie; how many is that—fourteen or fifteen? Caddie—It's no a caddie ye want, I'm thinkin', it's a clerk.—Tatler.

the last to display. As to the charge that the Commissioners make money by selling land adjoining the road's prospective divisional point, I should be inclined to acquit them, because if this money did not go into the funds of the road it would go into the pockets of private speculators. The land would boom in any case, and the public revenue might as well be replenished by the sudden value that a public enterprise gives to a particular block of land in the wilderness. But that railway is as yet a raw and crude affair, and its rates should not bear too heavily on patrons who get only a hand-to-mouth service.

MACK.

In the printed programme for the Press Club performances at Shea's Theater in Toronto last week, the members of the Club placed some of their writings in prose and verse just to show how well they could write if permitted to do so. One of the best contributions was that of Mr. James P. Haverson, of the *Telegram* staff, who sang the woes and framed the philosophy of the daily newspaper reporter in a parody on the *Rubaiyat*. Here is part of it:

Myself, when young, and on Promotion bent,
Didst follow Stories with the Bloodhound's scent
But now I find that it is easier
To sit in comfort—and the Tale invent.

And if the Story printed from the Press
Be not the Tale you wrote, but just a mess
Of garbled Nonsense—why, Compositors
Know nothing, and you cannot well know less.

Would you your precious Hours of Leisure spend
Upon some Story? That is foolish, Friend.
What shall you suffer if you get it wrong;
And if 'tis right, I prithee, to what end?

We are no other than a bunch of Lads
Who labor on the City Ed.'s vain fads;
Write Stories at great length, to see them dumped
Into the Metal-Pot—displaced by "Ads."

The Editor will write, and, having writ,
Write on, devoid of Elegance or Wit,
While we must pen a Classic every time,
Or get abused for every word of it.

Theology is to-day the only science wherein the opinion of the specialist carries less weight with the unbiased inquirer than that of a competent outside observer—a condition which, carefully considered, is broadly suggestive. The interest which is at once aroused in us by the announcement of a frank statement of religious position by such a man as Goldwin Smith may, however, be cited in evidence of the fact. The letters which Mr. Smith originally wrote to the *New York Sun*, and which are now collected in a volume called *In Search of Light*, in spite of overmuch repetition due to their occasional origin, constitute an admirably quiet summing up of what a reverent seeker after truth, who is free to look apparent facts in the face and who has the courage to do so, may still believe.—*New York Life*.

In England the greatest interest is taken by the public in the personal traits and private life of the men who serve the State. Every peculiarity or smallest mannerism of a Cabinet Minister is known the country over, and everything in the shape of an anniversary in the life of a statesman of the first rank is made the occasion for a celebration by his friends and admirers. To-morrow, June 17, Joseph Chamberlain will have completed thirty years of continuous representation of Birmingham in the British House of Commons, and on July 8 he will reach his seventieth birthday. When men of much smaller political stature are enthusiastically feted on such occasions, it is not surprising to note that these events in the career of Mr. Chamberlain are to be marked by notable celebrations.

Mr. Thomas Burt, who has been a member of the British House of Commons for thirty-two years, is urging the necessity of reforms in Parliamentary procedure. In doing so he notes the remarkable fact that, though the total membership of the House of Commons is 670, there are not more than 260 places from which members can deliver speeches or ask questions. In every other country endowed with representative institutions—every elected member is provided with a seat of his own. Mr. Burt asks: "Is it not almost incredible in its grotesqueness that our own great Parliament House should be so constructed that it affords fitting accommodation for only about one-third of the elected representatives?"

The term "British Empire" in its modern sense seems to have been first employed in the "Letters of Junius" about 1770.

I Heard the Spirit Singing.

I heard the Spirit singing in the ancient caves of Work:
"You are playing, Man-child, playing where the evil demons lurk;
Yet I would not have you falter or count the awful cost,
Lest your heart grow old within you and the zest for sport be lost.

"So toss the ball of empire, with its fatal coat of fire;
And dig for gilded nuggets with the pangs of hot desire;
And blow your filmy bubbles in the bright face of the sun,
Tho' you know they'll tarnish, vanish ere your playing-day is done.

"Go, spin your humming-top of Thought, or brood with sullen lip,
As you scrawl upon the canvas or load the merchant-ship;
Come, tell some old, old story or rehearse some ancient creed,
Or with many a lisp of wonder draw the music from the reed.

"Let your playful hand in cunning devise a giant eye,
And in long hours of frolic guess the secrets of the sky;
Or peer with curious longing in the busy underbourn,
Where microscopic beings are playing in their turn.

"And raise Love's swaying ladder to the dizzy heights of woe;
And walk o'er desert places where the thorns and thistles grow,
Where the Man-child gropes and stumbles and holds his quivering breath
As he meets within the shadows his last playfellow, Death."

I heard the Spirit singing: "Laughter is the strongest prayer,
And the zest of faith is measured by the mirth that toys with care;
And he who plays the hardest and dares to laugh aloud
Beyond the cavern's shadows may some day work with God."

—June E. Downey in the *Independent*.

Orpheus.

When Orpheus went down to the regions below,
Which men are forbidden to see,
He tuned up his lyre, as old histories show,
To set his Euridike free.

All hell was astonished that a person so wise
Should rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far—but how vast their surprise
When they found that he came for his wife!

To find a punishment fit for his fault
Old Pluto long puzzled his brain;
But hell had not torments sufficient he thought,
So he gave him his wife back again.

But Pity succeeding soon melted his heart,
And pleased with his playing so well,
He then took her back in reward of his art—
Such power had music in hell!

DE LISLE.

The Canadian National Exhibition.

The prize list of the Canadian National Exhibition, to be held in Toronto, Ont., August 27 to September 10, which is now being distributed, contains many changes compared with last year. In nearly every department there is a material increase in the premiums. In the horse department classes have been added for Welsh, Shetland and Hackney ponies, and the prizes in the first section of the breeding classes have in several instances been doubled. It has also been decided to award the premiums in the trials of speed on the three-heat plan, each heat to be considered a completed contest and the money to be divided according to the place won in each heat. The Dominion Short Horn Association having increased their grant for prizes to \$2,000, the exhibition management have responded with a like amount, so that there is considerable expansion also in the cattle department. In the sheep division wether sections have been added to each breed of sheep. In this connection it might be mentioned that the management are making arrangements that will enable sheep to be judged under cover. In the poultry department a number of sections have been added and the list has been increased by an extra number of specials. Several changes have been made in the dairy department, and the building is to be supplied with improved cold storage. In the floral division a prize is added for the best and most original floral design. Several sections recommended by the Ontario Beekeepers' Association have been added to the honey classes. Several sections have also been added to the women's and children's departments. The total increase all round amounts to close upon \$4,000, which means that the aggregate sum given in premiums by the Canadian National Exhibition is approaching the \$50,000 mark. Entries are set to close on August 4.

A passenger in a train in Norway, who had heard an American traveller angrily railing at the conductor because he was obliged to take an upper berth in a second-class compartment, although he had paid for a first-class berth, proffered an exchange of berths. In the morning the traveller learned that the man who had offered his berth was Prince Bernadotte, second son of the King of Sweden and president of the Y.M.C.A.

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The engagement of Miss Maude Williams and Professor McGregor Young of Toronto University has been announced, and I am told they will be married on June 30. Miss Williams is a sister of Mrs. D. D. Mann, of whose family circle she has long been a cherished member.

Colonel and Mrs. G. T. Denison of Heydon Villa, and their daughter, Miss Clare Denison, sailed on Thursday from Montreal by the *Tunisian* for England.

Four of the June brides-elect lunched in the Rose Room at McConkey's on Wednesday, guests of a married friend. They were Miss Eva Delamere, Miss Allie Sylvester, Miss Edith MacArthur, and Miss Flora Patterson. The coming weddings were naturally the topic of much merry talk, and the weather was a subject earnestly hoped to be satisfactory. Mrs. Bromley-Davenport was the only other guest. The flowers were pink sweet peas, arranged as bouquets for the young guests, who have so many good wishes for their happiness.

On Wednesday afternoon Mr. Perceval Ridout gave a charming small tea for General and Mrs. Sandham, who are guests at many little gatherings this week. Mr. Ridout is living at Wellesley street, and was, as always, a perfect host.

Toronto friends of Mr. Richard Benedict Van Horne and Miss Edith Badgley Molson read with interest the accounts of their wedding, which took place in St. George's church, Montreal, on Tuesday afternoon, Bishop Carmichael officiating. The bride, who was sumptuously gowned in old and priceless lace, was attended by her cousins, Miss Violet Haswell and Miss Cecil Shepherd, and Miss Hester Peck as bridesmaids; Miss Betty Burnett as maid of honor, and our former fellow citizen, little Miss Edith Creelman, as flower girl. The color tone of their gowns was blue, veiled in white and brightened by touches of gold. Their flowers were pink. Dr. Lee of New York was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Van Horne travelled to the West coast in the private car *Saskatchewan*, and will continue their bridal journey by a trip to Cuba later on. Needless to say, the bridal gifts are both rich and rare. Money is aided by taste and affection in their selection.

Miss Marion Creelman has been enjoying a pleasant visit in Winnipeg. Miss Creelman is in the Old Country.

Mrs. Sankey has rented her house in Huron street to Rev. C. E. Sharp of St. Thomas' church, and is with her family at her island home for the summer.

A church wedding at which only the immediate relatives of the bride and groom were present, took place in St. Paul's church on Saturday afternoon, when Mr. Tom Birchall and Miss Ruth Abbott were married. There were no bridesmaids or best man, and after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Birchall went to Detroit for the honeymoon.

Mrs. Willie Crowther and her family have returned from England. Rev. Fred Plummer of St. Augustine's and Rev. E. L. King of St. Thomas' church have gone to England. Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Riddell are sailing for England the end of this month. Dr. Bruce Riordan has returned from Ireland. Colonel and Mrs. Milligan are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Weaver, in Hespeler. Mr. Rainey, a very popular young Englishman now in town, is at the King Edward. Mr. W. C. Young of Ottawa is also visiting Toronto.

On Tuesday evening Mr. Beardmore, who is happily quite recovered from a recent indisposition, gave a charming little dinner at Chudleigh.

Mrs. Philip Todd is in town, and receives on Monday at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Alec Ireland, Bloor street east.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Francis are going to England next month. Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Northcote are at their summer house at Center Island. Miss Aileen Gooderham is visiting friends in the States. Mr. and Mrs. W. Gooderham and their family will go to the Island for the summer next week. Mr. Nordheimer of Glendyith is enjoying a visit to his relatives in Hamburg, Germany. Mrs. Henry Totten has gone to England. Mrs. Ivens of Carlton street is in England.

Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Chappell and family of New York City, who have been the guests of Dr. Chappell's parents in Sherbourne street, have gone to their summer home at Seabright, New Jersey. Dr. Chappell has been appointed Clinical Professor of Laryngology at the Physicians' and Surgeons' College in New York.

Mr. E. W. Oliver has returned from a trip through South Carolina and Florida.

A very pretty wedding took place Wednesday, June 6, at the residence of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Conn, when Miss Jean Sutherland of Toronto and Mr. D. Hope Rankin of Detroit, Mich., were married by Rev. Dr. Turnbull of West Presbyterian church. The bride looked very lovely in white muslin with wreath of orange blossoms, and was attended by Miss Florence Galbraith; the best man was Mr. Watts of Toronto. The bride's going-away gown was of navy blue broadcloth with touches of pale blue and white, with hat to match. The groom's gift to the bride was a gold watch, to the bridesmaid a gold pin set with pearls, and to the best man an amethyst tie pin. Many handsome presents were received, among which was a purse of gold. The happy couple left on a trip through the Western States, amid showers of confetti and good wishes.

Lady Kirkpatrick spent some time in Kingston on her return from England, and did not arrive at Closeburn until midweek. During her stay in England there occurred an interesting family reunion after the sad break in the circle caused by the death of Mr. David Mac-

pherson, when the five sisters, Mrs. Beckett, Mrs. Dobell, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Lady Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Perceval Ridout were together for the first time in a great many years—four of the sisters widows; and the five fine-looking women made a family group both unique and remarkable. Mrs. Perceval Ridout and her son and daughter are coming over for a short visit to Canada next month.

General and Mrs. Sandham, who accompanied Lady Gzowski from England, are returning home next week. During their short visit in Toronto they have been much welcomed by their many warm friends here, and their time has been fully taken up with the quiet hospitalities of the summer season which have been offered in all directions. Mr. and Mrs. Gzowski have been in town from their Muskoka home this week to spend a little time with General and Mrs. Sandham before they leave for England.

Major Arthur Hodgins, Royal Artillery, son of His Honor Judge Hodgins, LL.D., is home on leave, and visiting his parents at their home in Bloor street. Mrs. Hodgins returned from St. Catharines last Saturday to welcome her son, whom his parents have not seen for many years. Major Hodgins is serving in South Africa. Mr. Percy Hodgins is spending some time at the Hunt Club's bachelor quarters.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mrs. and Miss Tait, are sailing next week on the *Victorian* for England. Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn will spend the summer abroad, and Mrs. Tait and her daughter will remain on the Continent while Miss Winnifred continues her education. They have spent a charming week at Niagara-on-the-Lake enjoying the festivities incidental to the military camp there, and are to return to Toronto this evening.

Mrs. Samuel Watson has sent out invitations to the marriage of her daughter, Miss Norma Watson, and Mr. Henry G. P. Nicholls, eldest son of Mr. Frederic Nicholls of The Homewood, which will take place June 27 at noon in Trinity University chapel. Mr. Nicholls has had his former residence in Sherbourne street, recently occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Timmerman, completely done over for the home of his son and his bride.

Lady Howland and Miss Bessie Bethune came over from St. Catharines last week for a short stay in Toronto. Lady Carling, Miss Carling and Mrs. Meredith (nee Carling) are among the guests at the Welland this month.

Mrs. Heaven and her daughters have been entertaining a very clever and charming guest, Miss Moses, for whom, beside the tea given by her hostess, other reunions have been arranged. The Misses McLeod of Crescent road gave a tea for her last week, at which some twenty-five ladies were given the pleasure of an hour with the attractive visitor.

Mrs. Lambe is enjoying a visit from her mother and sisters, Mrs. and the Misses Reid of Melbourne, Australia, who are with her at her delightful new home on Scarboro Heights, east of the Hunt Club.

Mrs. Walter S. Lee, Major and Mrs. Selwyn and their two little daughters reached town on Monday. The Selwyns are just out from India, and everyone is pleased to see Mrs. Selwyn again, though she is suffering from a cold, and not yet acclimatized enough to be her old jolly self.

The usual exodus to Niagara has taken place. Early in the week Mrs. Heward and her daughters went over to join Mrs. Edwards there. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards and their family have the Alma house this summer, that residence occupied last year by Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Hodgins. Mrs. Nelles is also in her cottage. Mrs. Small is spending some time at Niagara. This afternoon Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton Merritt of the Body Guards is entertaining at tea with the officers of the G.-G.B.G. as assistant hosts, and invitations have been received for this always popular function by many Toronto friends, quite a number of whom will go over by the boat to-day to attend it.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Calderwood have gone to their summer place at Collingwood. During the summer additions and improvements will be made to the Madison avenue residence in time for their occupancy on their return in the autumn.

Mrs. James Fraser Macdonald is better in health, and is spending some time with her father, Mr. Lansing, at the homestead at Niagara.

Dr. and Mrs. Warren and their family are settled in their Niagara place for the summer. Miss Warren is as usual the hostess of the prettiest Toronto girls at the camp. Mr. and Mrs. Ince are also spending the summer at Niagara.

Mr. Curtis Williamson is arranging for a trip to Newfoundland, where he will get some seascapes, and should discover some of the virile and eloquent types of manhood he paints so well. Mr. Smith of St. Thomas, whose seascapes have been so much admired, is also painting in Newfoundland this summer. During a recent visit in New York, Mr. Williamson did a strong and telling portrait of an old friend, Robert Henri, the artist, whose studio and class are beginning to set a pace in art work.

Mrs. Homer Dixon, who was in town for the Berger-Dixon wedding, with her interesting little girl, Homer, has returned to her residence at Lundy's Lane. I hear this place is an ideal home, and that its gentle mistress is as happy as possible in its retired and beautiful precincts.

The marriage of Miss Annie Heald, younger daughter of the late William Heald of Toronto, to Mr. Grenville R. Finch-Noyes, only son of Mr. Edward Finch-Noyes of Hamilton, took place quietly at St. Augustine's church, Toronto, on Tuesday, June the twelfth, at half-past two o'clock.

Among the June brides are Miss Flora Patterson and Mr. Thomas Moore's at "Fernwood," Todmorden, this afternoon at half-past two; Miss Mary Edith MacArthur and Mr. William Lorimer S. McGivern's at St. Andrew's next Tuesday afternoon at half-past two; Miss Eva Mary Delamere and Mr. Henry Charles Strange's on Saturday next at the Church of the Ascension at half-past two; and Miss Alice Louise Sylvester and Mr. Frank Clifford Snallpiece's at St. Paul's church on Thursday, June 28, at four o'clock.



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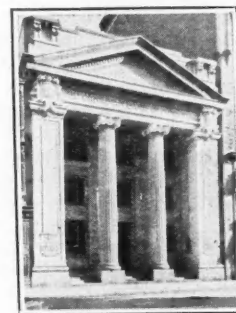
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How Pedigrees Are Faked

“What are pedigrees worth?” asks Professor Freeman. “I turn over a *Pecree* or other book of genealogy and I find that, when a pedigree professes to be traced back to the times of which I know most in detail, it is all but invariably false. As a rule it is not only false, but impossible. The historical circumstances, when any are introduced, are for the most part not merely fictions, but exactly that kind of fiction which is in its beginning, deliberate and interested falsehood.”

An English writer contributes to the *Grand Magazine* an amusing article on this subject which is “calculated to solace the man who does not know who his grandfather was,” by showing him how easily the hiatus may be bridged and a long pedigree discovered which will be every bit as authentic as that of some of the most noble families of Great Britain.

The College of Arms, says this writer, treasures among many amazing pedigrees, one of a family “whose present representative is sixty-seventh in descent in an unbroken male line from Belinus the Great (Beli Mawr), King of Britain,” and actually exhibits the arms of Beli, who, poor man, died long centuries before heraldry was even cradled.

Of families who derive descent from Charlemagne the name is legion; but even such elongated pedigrees are quite contemptible in their brevity compared with others which have at their head no other progenitor than Adam, the father of us all. At Mostyn Hall, we learn, there is a vellum roll, twenty-one feet long, of pedigrees, some of which “are traced back to ‘Adam, Son of God,’ without any conscious sense of the incongruous,” and these records, we must remember, are in the hand of “a man thoroughly trustworthy as to the matters of his own time.” There is in the College of Arms a similar family-tree which commences boldly with Adam and the Garden of Eden; and an authority on Welsh pedigrees declares, “A Welshman whose family was in any position in the sixteenth century can, as a rule, without much trouble find a pedigree thence to Adam; an Englishman who is unable to do the same has a natural tendency to regard all Welsh pedigrees with distrust, not to say contempt.”

To give but two more out of many cases of similar imposture, the Deardens, many years ago, actually had a family chapel constructed in Rochdale church with sham effigies, slabs, and brasses to the memory of wholly fictitious ancestors; while in two Scottish churches altartombs were placed to the memory of successive apocryphal lairds of Coulthart. Such are the lengths to which a craze for ancestry has carried some unprincipled persons; and there is no doubt that the arts of the forger are still enlisted in the service of people who crave for long descent and do not scruple as to the methods by which they attain it.

Happily, however, the mania for ancestors does not often take such extreme and reprehensible forms; its manifestations are usually rather amusing than criminal. A common weakness is, however, plebeian and obvious in its origin a surname may be, to dignify it with a Norman or at least French cradle. Thus we are solemnly assured that the Smithsons (a name which bluntly proclaims its own derivation) are “a branch of the baronial family of Scalers, or De Scallariis, which flourished in Aquitaine as long ago as the eighth century.”

Another favorite vanity is to glorify a name by the prefix De, “a particle which has been all but unknown in England since the first half of the fifteenth century, and which has never possessed in Great Britain that nobiliary character which the French nation have chosen to assign to it. De Bathe, De Trafford, and the rest are restorations in the modern Gothic manner.” It is, we fear, a similar vanity which has displaced such modest surnames as Bear, Hunt, Wilkins, Mullins, Green, and Gossip in favor of De Beauchamp, De Vere, De Winton, De Moleyns, De Freville and De Rodes.

The Duke of Norfolk has a family tree of very stately growth, and can well afford to repudiate a good many of the ancestors provided for him by *Pecree* editors. Certainly, if he ever read the following statement he must have smiled aloud: “The Duke’s proudest boast is that his name of Howard is merely that of an ancestor. Hereward the Wake, whose representative, Sir Hereward Wake, is still in Northamptonshire.” As a matter of fact, his Grace’s earliest known ancestor was Sir William Howard, “who was a grown man and on the bench in 1293, whose real pedigree is very obscure,” and who, no doubt, would have laughed as heartily as his descendant of to-day at his imaginary derivation from the Conqueror’s stubborn foe of the fens, Hereward the Wake.

Some even justly famous men have not been proof against this insidious form of vanity and pretence. Edward Spenser was ungenerous enough to “dismiss his known ancestry of small Lancashire gentry and plant himself modestly in the shadow of the newly discovered shield of arms of the noble house of Spencer, ‘of which I meanest boast myself to be.’” Lord Tennyson, whose ultimate ascertainable forefather was an eighteenth century Lincolnshire apothecary, was provided with a slightly differentiated cadet’s version of the arms of Archbishop Tenison, with whom he had no connection. Robert Browning, descendant of Sir John Bankes’ footman, had what Dr. Furnivall calls his “sham coat of arms” embroidered on the sleeves of his Venetian gondoliers; and Victor Hugo “did not stay at setting up an escutcheon with a peer’s coronet set above it, but went on to ennoble a line of mythical heroes, who were to supply a more seemly origin for a Hugo than the humble one which the unimaginative registrars of his native place were prepared to certify to him.”



“Would you be kind enough to draw up your legs a little, so that I can eat my soup here!”

Bond Street Notabilities

NO Canadian who visits old London neglects making a more or less studious tour of Bond street, one of the most remarkable of the great English metropolises. It is the shopping center of the Upper Ten Thousand, but it has also been described as the street of the loaves and fishes, and the street of fair women. Interesting though this great Mayfair is to-day, however, its past is much more interesting. A writer in the *London Tatler* says that a retrospective “Who’s Who” of Bond street would fill a volume.

Over a famous cakeshop at the south-west corner of old Bond street (Piccadilly) you read the inscription, “Established 1688.” That is practically the date at which the street began. The west side from Piccadilly to Grafton street was built first, replacing Clarendon House. The speculator, Sir Thomas Bond, is said to have fared badly. In one of these old Bond street houses the poet Thomson lived for some time. That his lodging was on the west side of the street is proved by a caustic remark of Mrs. Piozzi, who said that the author of *The Castle of Indolence* was himself so indolent that he seldom rose to see the sun do more than glisten on the opposite windows of the street.

Thomson was the first great literary dweller in a street which was to shelter Sterne, Gibbon, Boswell, Scott and Byron. “While coaches were rattling through Bond street I have passed many solitary evenings in my lodgings with my books,” wrote Gibbon, and he was then in his youth. But then Edward Gibbon was one of those concentrated and consecrated men to whom London makes small appeal.

Sterne died strangely neglected and alone, and a singular circumstance lent to his dissolution the grotesqueness which had marked his life. While he lay in the gasps of pleurisy a party of his distinguished friends, including two dukes and two earls, and David Garrick and David Hume, were dining close by in Clifford street. Someone mentioned Sterne’s illness, and by general consent a footman named John Macdonald was sent round to Bond street to inquire. That gold-laced footman was the only human being who saw Sterne die. Sent upstairs by the landlady he found the great author in *extremis*. Strange to say, Macdonald afterwards wrote some memoirs in which the scene is preserved: “I went into the room and he was just a-dying. I waited ten minutes, and in five he said, ‘Now it has come.’ He put up his hands as if to stop a blow and died in a minute.”

In writing a history of Bond street it would be necessary to introduce those of Swift, Lord Nelson, Lady Hamilton, the famous Lord Camelford, Mrs. Delany, and many more.

Bond street, too, is a monument to the smartness of Charles James Fox. Mr. Wheatley relates in his capital book, *Round About Piccadilly*, that once when walking in Bond street with the Prince of Wales, Fox laid him a wager that he would see more cats than he did in a given distance. Fox shrewdly took the sunny side of the street and counted thirteen cats, while the Prince on the shady side saw not one.

Not least conspicuous in the Bond street roll of fame is the name of John Jackson, or “Gentleman” Jackson, the pugilistic champion of England between 1795 and 1803. Perhaps no professional sportsman in England ever enjoyed such prestige and confidence as Jackson. Moreover, his immortality is secured by association. One day Leigh Hunt saw a small black object dancing on the Thames near Waterloo Bridge and a quiet man on the bank gazing at it intently. The object was the head of Lord Byron, and the quietly-dressed man on the bank was John Jackson, his tutor in all manly sports, referred to in *Don Juan* as “my old friend and corporal pastor and master.” Jackson’s famous “Rooms” in Bond street became the headquarters of the Pugilistica Club and the exclusive resort of men of fancy and fashion. These rooms and their proprietor are well described by Pierce Egan in his *Life in London*, where *Corinthian Tom* introduces *Bob Logic* to the pugilist thus: “Servility is not known to him. Flattery he detests. Integrity, impartiality, good nature, and manliness are the corner stones of his understanding.”

Queen Olga of Greece, by her natural kindness of manner, made a very favorable impression upon the athletes from all parts of the world who went to Athens to take part in the Olympic games, which this year have been so much talked about in this country because the great event of this remarkable athletic fixture was won by a Canadian. To everyone in Greece she is known as “Queen of the Poor.” Shortly after her marriage she founded the “Evangelismos,” one of the finest hospitals in the world, thus gaining a reputation for benevolence which has followed her, rightly, ever since. When King George caught small-pox at Patras, through insisting at a time of epidemic in mingling with the crowd, he was nursed back to health by his fearless Consort. It is for such traits as these that the people are so fond of the Queen. For many years, too, after her coronation, she wore the Greek national dress and ate black bread, like so many of her own peasants. The story is told that when Queen Olga was but sixteen she officiated at her first Court function. Just as the last presentation was being made she heard the King’s voice in a neighboring room, and running impulsively to him, threw her arms round his neck, begging him to tell her if she had succeeded in making a good impression! It was a pretty scene, but the story would never have been told had not the partition between the two rooms been of glass and her blushes when she returned to her guests been sufficient tell-tales! King George, it will be remembered, is a brother of Queen Alexandra.



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LOVE AND HUMANITY

SENT TO

H. C. Hammond, Treasurer
21 Jordan St., Toronto

Montreal, June 14.

The Montreal Light, Heat and Power Co. has increased the strength of its directorate materially by the addition of Mr. Charles R. Hosmer. Not only is Mr. Hosmer a power in the land financially, but his methods have always been such as to win the warm regard and respect of his fellow men. Kind-hearted to a degree and careful of the feelings of others, Mr. Hosmer's weight on the board will be thrown on the side of conciliation and friendly treatment of the public, which is the thing most badly needed in the Power Company at the present time. In the old times Mr. Hosmer was a director of the Montreal Gas Company, that is, in the days before the amalgamation; since then, however, he has had nothing to do with it. Some years ago, at the time Mr. James Ross split with those who are at the head of the corporation, and sold his holdings, Mr. Hosmer was offered Mr. Ross' seat upon the board. This he refused, however, as he did not desire even to appear as taking sides in the little controversy which was then rife; and it is quite probable that even to-day he would refuse to act upon the directorate if it had not been for the warm personal regard he has for Mr. Holt.

As a type of financier whom success has utterly failed to spoil, Mr. Hosmer stands among the few. Beginning life as a telegraph operator in a country town, and gradually rising from that to the general management of the C.P.R. telegraphs, later to become a vice-president of the Mackay-Bennett Cable Co., a director of the C.P.R., a director in the Merchants Bank and president of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., as well as officer in a dozen other concerns, Mr. Hosmer has won wide recognition in the financial world. Some would call him lucky, but not those who know him best. As a matter of fact, success has come to him through a wide general knowledge of men and affairs. By nature he is buoyant; an optimist to the core. He believes in Canada and always has, and when he was able to stick a dollar into Canadian enterprises he did so, generally with good results. If he has been successful in finances, he has been even more so with men, and to-day there is probably not in Montreal a man with so wide an acquaintanceship as Charles R. Hosmer. His close friends he numbers by the hundreds, among them the foremost men of the British Empire and the United States. In London he drops in for a friendly meal with Chamberlain; in Paris, perhaps, with James Gordon Bennett; in London, again, he is dined by that coterie of rare old fogies, the governors of the Bank of England; and is the honored guest of the Duke of Marlborough either at Blenheim Castle or the Duke's London residence. To top it all Mr. Hosmer was on his last trip abroad "commanded" to dine with King Edward. Such his personality; kindly, genial, unselfishness, which one instinctively knows and recognizes upon coming in contact with the man. Bill Jones, whom Mr. Hosmer knew a quarter of a century ago, and who has since failed to rise in life, calls upon the financier and is received with the same consideration that would be accorded a prince of the land. Bill tells his troubles, if he has any; and Mr. Hosmer listens as if he had nothing else to do, while as a matter of fact many important matters are awaiting his attention. With it all Mr. Hosmer is a man of business. Keen, far-seeing, acute and not to be imposed upon, though generous to a degree. He treats the world fairly, and expects fair treatment in return, and woe betide the man who is foolish enough to imagine that he has an easy mark in Charles R. Hosmer.

Among those close to the Dominion Iron and Steel Company there is a very general feeling that Mr. Plummer's rather pessimistic remarks regarding condition in the trade, recently uttered in this city, were given out with the idea of impressing upon the Government the necessity of continuing the iron and steel bounties, which are a material help to the business, will disappear entirely in 1907, and the wish is that they be continued along for some time to come. Whether the Ottawa authorities can be impressed with the necessity of such a course remains to be seen. The first of July is the date when the new and last schedule of bounties takes effect. At this time, unless the Government sees its way clear to make another arrangement, the amount simmers down to a nominal sum per ton of pig iron or steel as the case may be. There can be no question but that the bounty system has contributed a great deal toward the development of these industries in the Dominion, and the question now is: Are they a real necessity for a continuation of this development? The country to-day has no other industry which, within the past few years, has gone ahead upon the same ratio. A few figures will easily prove this: The production of all kinds of iron and steel, rolled or fashioned into finished form in Canada in 1895 was 66,000 gross tons; in 1899 it was 110,000 tons; in 1903 it was 129,000; in 1904 it was 180,000, and in 1905 it was 385,000 tons. In other words, the business has multiplied itself over five times in ten years. That the Government subsidy is no small matter is indicated by the fact that during 1905 the producers were paid \$1,540,000 in bounties, of which sum the Dominion Iron and Steel Company received \$676,000, and the "Soo" Company \$404,000.

At a recent meeting of the promoters of the Dominion Textile Company it was agreed to continue the present pool upon the common stock of that organization until January

first next. There is a provision, however, whereby five members of the pool may call a meeting for reconsideration within that period. Should the market for cotton goods keep up to its present standard, it is fully expected that by January next this common stock will be paying a dividend and selling at par.

Power stock will without a doubt be advanced from a four to a five per cent. basis within a very short time. As a matter of fact the questions put to President Holt at the annual meeting the other day emanated from one of the directors, Mr. R. Forget. If the stock reaches par under the incentive of a five per cent. dividend, as seems likely from present advances in the price, a good deal of it will come out. Large blocks of this stock were bought many points below the present prices, and a nice profit will be cleaned up around par.

TORONTO THE INVESTOR MONTREAL



CHAS. R. HOSMER,
MONTREAL.

Toronto, June 14.

The June disbursements of funds in the shape of dividends have tended to create a slightly easier feeling in the market for call loans on securities. These loans, which at present are quoted at 5 1/2 per cent., are, however, one per cent. above the rate of a year ago. This is usually a period of easy money. Large amounts of capital, which have been locked up in grain and other exportable produce during the winter and spring months, have been made available since the opening of ocean navigation at Montreal, but the relatively high money rates at this time, in spite of the much greater accommodation offered by the augmented banking capital of the country, is perhaps the best argument one could advance of the great development and commercial progress Canada is now enjoying. A continuation of our prosperity will largely depend upon the crops, and considerable attention is being bestowed in that direction by the manufacturer as well as the importer. The outlook at present is most satisfactory, and it would not be surprising if Canada had this year in the neighborhood of 90,000,000 bushels of wheat for export.

Within a couple of years a number of our banks have changed their fiscal year periods, and consequently the month of June is not so general a time for annual meetings of shareholders as formerly. The meetings this month are confined to those of the Sovereign Bank, Ontario Bank, the Traders, the Merchants, the Quebec, the Union, the Standard, and the Home Bank. A few years ago it was not an unusual occurrence to have three or four annual bank meetings on one day, and if the changes referred to were made for no other purpose than to separate these meetings, giving shareholders a better opportunity to attend them, the innovation would have been a wise one. Generally speaking, the attendance at such meetings has not been as large as the interests involved deserve, and no-doubt the directors would gladly welcome a greater representation. The annual statements of the banks named have been published, and on the whole the results should prove highly satisfactory to the proprietors. The net earnings of the Standard Bank were the largest in proportion to capital. It earned 17.54 per cent. as against 15.69 per cent. the previous year, and after adding \$100,000 from profits to rest account, the balance at credit of profit and loss account is \$31,791. The Traders Bank earned 13.21 per cent. on capital for the year as compared with 11.34 per cent. the previous year. The Quebec Bank earned 12 per cent. this year as against 10.45 per cent. the previous year. The Ontario Bank earned 10 1/2 per cent. on capital as compared with 10.17 per cent. the previous year. The Merchants Bank earned 12.34 per cent. on capital of \$6,000,000 as against 10.82 last year.

Osler & Hammond, who have been identified with so many good things of an investment character, have issued a circular recommending the purchase of Mackay preferred as a safe and desirable permanent investment.

The big money made here in Mackay common was mostly through this firm. It may be stated that Mr. R. A. Smith, of Osler & Hammond, is a director in the Commercial Cable Company, representing Canadian interests. The circular referred to deals pretty thoroughly with the history of the Mackay companies, and among other things, says: "The income of the Mackay companies is derived from so many different sources, and these sources are so prosperous, long established and sound, that the income, which is very much more than sufficient to pay the dividends on its preferred and common stock, would seem to be as well assured as anything can be assured in investments. The policy of the Mackay companies has been to make the field from which its earnings are derived so broad and diversified that the security of its preferred shares is undoubted. That field as now established, includes cables laid in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and also includes the land line system and the telephone system in the United States."

Canada is just now attracting a good deal of attention as a field for the investment of foreign capital. Through the thrift and economy of the people of France enormous sums of money have piled up in the home markets. The investment return on this capital is small indeed. London has been a large borrower in France of late years, and now Canada and the United States are favorably considered as fields for investments. The floating supply of Toronto Railway stock has been diminished by the purchase of about 5,000 shares by French investors, this deal representing \$600,000, and a large block of Montreal Street Railway stock is also said to have been taken by similar interests. At any rate this is the reason given for the advanced prices of these securities. United States capital is also coming this way, our mining interests being considered as good speculations. The property of the Nipissing Mines is controlled by American capitalists, and it is already making handsome returns, which accounts for the higher prices for the stock. Many Canadians are also buying into this concern. The production of the Nipissing Mines to March 31 amounted in value to \$1,129,529, while the total cash expended was only \$100,000.

The market for securities, while favorable in a way to the investor, is not one of a character to enthrall the speculator. There is a good deal of investment buying going on continually, and in many cases the returns are satisfactory. The earnings of leading properties are exceptionally good, and the securities of these companies are selling at more favorable prices than the great bulk of railway and industrial stocks across the border. The local market for speculative issues, however, is highly professional, and has little attraction for those people who are seeking quick profits. A further advance has taken place in Niagara and Northern Navigation issues. The former company announce an interim dividend of 4 per cent., or at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, which is payable on July 2. The Northern is doing an excellent freight business, and the *Huronian*, which had been disabled, is again in commission. Mexican Light and Power has advanced several points in anticipation of a good statement

Hon. Wm. Gibson, President. J. TURNBULL, Vice-President and General Manager.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA

DIVIDEND NO. 2.

NOTICE is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of one per cent. has been declared upon the paid-up capital stock of THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA, and that the same will be payable at its head office, in Toronto, and at the branches, on and after Tuesday, the 3rd of July next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 18th to the 30th of June, both days inclusive. By order of the Board.

G. DE C. O'GRADY,
General Manager.

TORONTO, 1ST JUNE, 1906.

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Automobilist—Is there a good place to eat here?

Austere Citizen—No, sir; I don't know of any place that really could be called edible, but if you are looking for one where you can obtain what is designated technically as a square meal, you will find it two doors north of the post-office, and in the next block—Chicago "Tribune."

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King Alfonso says he expects to be assassinated, but he will resolutely stick to his job. What a fine baseball umpire he would have made!—Chicago "Record."

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"Our neighborhood is considerably stirred up," said the farmer, as he helped himself to a pipeful of the village editor's pulverized cabbage. "What's the trouble?" queried the editor, scenting an item of news. "Noth-

in," answered the granger. "Everybody's plowin', that's all."—Chicago "News."

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Social and Personal

Mrs. Hees, 174 St. George street, and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Harris Hees, 71 Prince Arthur avenue, received on Thursday and Friday afternoons of this week at their respective homes, callers finding the close proximity of the two residences a great time-saver in this city of magnificent distances. Mrs. Hees wore a handsome black lace gown over white chiffon and taffeta, and many lovely flowers added to the attraction of her handsome drawing-rooms. Mrs. Harris Hees, who had her sisters-in-law, Mrs. Haas and Mrs. Sullivan, assisting her, was a dainty little figure in embroidered batiste, and her rooms were done in pink roses, pink sweet peas and lily of the valley, the tea-table being particularly pretty in decoration and arrangement. On Friday the two garden parties at Westbourne and Glen Mawr brought a lot of people into the west end of the city, and many of them found time to call also upon the young hostess, who is making friends in all directions.

Mrs. W. H. Beatty's prize will be played for on the Toronto Golf Club links next Monday. Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt and Mrs. Gus Burritt were hostesses of a tea one afternoon last week at the Toronto Golf Club. The lady golfers have been having a delightful week's play in Hamilton this week. I heard that Miss B. Myles and Miss Muriel Dick did particularly well there.

A large party went over to Niagara-on-the-Lake for the week-end. The country clubs are also full every day, and I hear that the *cuisine* and service at the Lambton Club are greatly improved under the management of Miss Quinlan, who is certainly *facile princeps* in looking after such indispensables to the tone and success of such an institution.

Mrs. A. S. Hardy has returned from a delightful trip abroad, remaining for a few days in New York with her daughter en route to Toronto.

Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones are leaving for England the end of this month.

Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston has been slightly indisposed with a threatening of tonsillitis, but is now quite better.

Farewell dinners to prospective bridegrooms have been given frequently at the various clubs this month, and luncheons to brides' attendants have also gathered many pretty coterie in private houses.

Mrs. Walter S. Lee and Mrs. Charles Selwyn will receive on Friday at Mrs. Lee's home in Madison avenue.

The marriage of Miss Olive Clarkson, third daughter of Mr. E. R. C. Clarkson of 71 Avenue road, and Mr. Harold Lamb of New York, took place at the Church of the Redeemer, the rector, Rev. C. J. James, officiating. Mr. Clarkson brought in the bride and gave her away. The bride wore a robe of white lace, with veil and orange blossoms, and her bouquet was of roses and lily of the valley. Her sisters, Amy and Mary; the groom's sister, Elsie; Miss Agatha Bland, daughter of Canon Bland of Hamilton, and Miss Hazel Morrison attended her, in white silk frocks, white chip French sailor hats with pink roses and *cachepeines* of white chiffon, and bouquets of pink roses. Mr. Harry Wylie was best man; Messrs. Fred and Roger Clarkson, Henry Almy of New York, and Curzon Lamb being ushers. The lovely weather made it possible for guests at the reception to thoroughly enjoy the garden, full of flowering shrubs and flower-beds in fine bloom, and the rooms were beautified with pink and red peonies and handsome ferns and palms. Mrs. Clarkson wore a mauve hat and costume, and in the morning room was arranged a fine lot of wedding gifts, while the *déjeuner* was served in the dining-room. An orchestra played on the upper landing during the reception. Mr. and Mrs. Lamb went away on the afternoon train across the lines for their bridal trip, the bride's *costume de voyage* being of pongee silk touched with green and hat to match. Mr. James, in a very clever little speech, proposed the health of the bride—a toast which was honored with hearty good-will.

Miss Sizer of Buffalo, who last year was such an interesting invalid during camp, is now visiting Miss Birdie Warren in Paradise Park.

Mrs. Heathcote, nee Smith of Rosedale, is down from Winnipeg on a visit to her parents. Rev. Mr. Heathcote will join her here.

Mrs. Bromley Davenport did not sail as reported on the *Tunisian*, but will do so at the end of next week.

Lady Laurier passed through Toronto this week on her way to open the Fair of All Nations at Niagara Falls. By the way, these fairs appear to be money-getters, as I hear that the one held in Chatham last month has netted some three or four thousand dollars for the city hospital.

The return of Major and Mrs. Berger to Toronto for a brief visit before sailing for England will be the occasion of several pleasant entertainments. Mrs. Campbell of Carbrooke has sent out cards for a tea next Tuesday, to which friends are asked to meet the bride and groom of June 6, and there are dinners and other doings arranged in their honor.

Miss Veals gave a large At Home yesterday at Glen Mawr, from half-past four to seven o'clock.

What are called the "Nervous Wards" at Toronto General Hospital were formally opened on Thursday at four o'clock. They are arranged in that part of the edifice occupied by Dr. O'Reilly, the former superintendent.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon were among those present in St. Paul's, London, England, when His Majesty opened the new chapel dedicated to the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Mrs. J. W. Flavell is giving a garden party this afternoon.

Two out-of-town Wednesday weddings interesting to friends of the happy bridegrooms here, were those of Mr. Clement Marsland and Miss Rosalie Rees of Montreal, and of Mr. Walter Wylie and Miss Beatrice Bridgland of Bracebridge. Mr. Marsland and Miss Rees were married in the Church of St. John the Evangelist in Montreal, Rev. Mr. Wood, assisted by Rev. Arthur French, officiating, with the choir performing the choral service. The groom is now manager of the Union Bank at Wark-

worth, where he will take his bride after the honeymoon. St. Thomas' church, Bracebridge, by the rector, Rev. W. Mr. Walter Wylie and Miss Bridgland were married in A. Burt. Her uncle, Mr. Harry Bridgland, gave her away, both these brides having some time since lost their fathers, and Miss Rees being given away by Rev. T. B. Browne of Sherbrooke. Mr. Wylie is an officer of the Dominion Bank in Bracebridge, and Mr. Glenholme Moss of the Imperial Bank, Montreal, was his best man. A number of Torontonians were at the wedding and attended the reception at "Westlawn."

Mr. Norman Duncan, whose stories of the Labrador and Newfoundland have been so much read, is in town.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club garden party will be held next Thursday afternoon, and already tables for dinner afterwards at the Club are eagerly sought for and mostly engaged.

Mrs. Yarwood of Mexico (formerly Edith Greene) has arrived on her usual summer visit to her father, Mr. Columbus Greene, which both enjoy so thoroughly.

An English savant, Sir Jonathan Williams, says that the best English is spoken in Kentucky and the Ohio Valley rather than in London or any other part of the British Isles or possessions. Sir Jonathan has travelled through Australia, all of the different counties of England, Ireland and Scotland and through many of the states of the Union, examining the peculiarities of the different pronunciations. "I have been interested in dialectical English for many years," said Sir Jonathan to a reporter at Chicago, or at least the Chicago reporter reports him as having said that and all that follows. "Your ordinary Englishman of the isles is, above all, dialectical. The same is true of your New Englander. The southlands of America have a drawl which is totally misplaced; the northlands of your country a nasal twang which is a joke to Englishmen. It is only on the middle ground here in America that I have found the true English, the English of Shakespeare and Dr. Johnson, un-mixed with dialectical absurdities or with peculiarities of expression. Slang as such I do not find in Kentucky and the neighboring regions along the Ohio and Missouri rivers. Nor were the crudities of your Western Americanism so apparent there. The clipped and halting speech of Scotland comes nearer to the Kentucky English than any I have heard in my investigations. Australia is overlaid with a slang which is worse than the worst of your West. Your East is imitative of Cockneyisms, unnatural and, therefore, un-English. In the island itself the best English is not that of Oxfordshire or of Cambridgeshire, but of Kent and the Southern Downs. This, however, does not approach in purity of diction, clearness of enunciation and adhesion to classical forms the English of your Middle West, which is neither your North nor your South, your East nor your West. I have found in the city of Louisville a pronunciation and a use of terms which is nearer, in my mind, to Addison and the English classicists than anything which the counties of England, the provinces of Australia or the marches of Scotland can offer."

England is a land of institutions. In fact she has so many that numbers of them which at this time have come to be scarcely more than traditions are never heard of by tens of thousands of Britishers. Recently the Prince of Wales, as Master of the Trinity House, was entertained, together with his quaintly named Elder Brethren, at the Mansion House in London. Few people know anything about Trinity House, and yet it is a typically British institution, and the Brethren are in a sense responsible for all the beacons, lighthouses, buoys, and fog-signals set about our island kingdom. Many famous people have been proud to belong to this ancient corporation, and among past Masters have been many noted royal personages and many famous commoners, including the genial Samuel Pepys. To any lover of English history a visit to the quaint old building, situated within a stone's-throw of the Tower of London, is fraught with intense interest. There the Prince of Wales, as a boy, often made his way, in order to see the curious relics carefully treasured by the Elder Brethren, which comprise priceless souvenirs of many a famous maritime hero. Trinity House has performed national services in the past which many have forgotten. They extinguished piracy on British coasts, and lighted the latter with beacons. They took over the lighting and defence of the Thames when the methods in force were those which the Britons employed against Caesar when he marched against London—the setting up of sharp-pointed piles in the river-bed, as likely to impale the craft of friend as of foe. It was to Trinity House that the people had to turn when the navy went mad at the Nore. The Elders sailed calmly down the river, removed the buoys and beacons, destroyed all the sea-marks in the vicinity, prevented the escape of the fleet to sea, and so smashed the mutiny in a day. It was the Elders, again, to whom was committed the defence of the Thames when the invasion by Napoleon was preparing. Ten old frigates were taken by the Elders, manned, armed, and provisioned; and for two years, until Nelson had won Trafalgar, they maintained them in the river to prevent a catastrophe which Pitt foresaw might arise from what he called "this awful crisis." Trinity House has well earned its place in English history.

The late Duchess of Rutland once alleged that the men and women in a Scotch town, where she was staying during the shooting season, ate eleven meals a day. It is, of course, notorious that the chefs in several private houses in England to-day receive salaries of \$4,000, \$6,000, \$7,500 and, in one case, \$10,000, and would think a dinner fit only for a workhouse feast if its material, including fruit and wine, cost much less than \$175 or \$200 for a score of guests. One young English peeress, whose husband has an income of \$1,500,000 a year, was so disgusted recently with the waste of rich food with which she was confronted in the principal of her new homes that she dismissed the chef and engaged a woman cook for \$325 a year, and she now alleges that she, her husband, and her guests are all much better fed for a third the former cost.

Sergius Witte has stepped down from the Russian premiership and M. Goremykin has taken his place. Goremykin's enmity for Witte has been lively since 1899, when Witte, then Minister of Finance, convicted Goremykin, who was Minister of the Interior, of having deceived the Emperor in denying the prevalence of famine in certain provinces. The new premier owns large dairy farms in Novgorod province and sells most of the milk used in St. Petersburg.



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A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

The Fiddler of Pontorson

BY HERBERT SHAW

His brother they called Jean; but him they named Michel, after the one who stands for ever with a bent sword, and a dragon beneath his feet, on the top of the church that crowns the wonderful Rock. Only that Michel was a saint, and the Michel of this story was a man.

Together with a little fair-haired sister they lived in the House of Quarrel at Pontorson, six miles from the Rock. Their mother was dead. When the little girl was twelve, the father died. After they had buried him, the brothers quarrelled—over the poor heritage that he had left. Strangers coming to that dark house would have quarrelled before the first day was done.

"I am the elder son," said Jean. "The better thief," said Michel, for all the love that Michel had to give was with the little sister and his dog; and at that, Jean pulled out a pistol and fired straight. When at last they led Michel from the darkened room where he had lain, the room of the world was dark. His brother had fled the house, taking the little sister. So a blind man took his fiddle and groped through the wooden gate.

"Keep your inheritance," said he, in a note for Jean. "You have given me mine."

Long the blind man wandered over the roads, and fiddled in the towns of France. Welcome he was for his fiddling, and pitied for his great infirmity; and if he had no money he slept by the hedge, and cried his hate to the scornful stars; and if he had money he slept in a bare room, and spoke his hate to the dingy walls. And sometimes he fiddled things that everyone knew, old tunes and child's tunes; but mostly he thought of his brother Jean, and in that black obsession he played tunes which people did not know, and of which they were afraid. Through the streets of Caen he sang to a fiddling moan: "Lul, lul, lul, le dur chemin," and each verse wailed off into "dur chemin." Old Father Didier, with the Tolstoi beard, came out of his Galerie Artistiques in the Rue Froide, and in his hand was the Berthou poster of the girl playing the lute. The blind man was conscious that someone was there, but did not speak.

"It is a pretty song, and you are a great player," said Father Didier at last.

"It is the song of the road," said the fiddler.

"I have dwelt in Paris fifteen years," said Father Didier; "in Caen, six. I could give you a note to one I know in Paris."

"You are very kind," said Michel. "But I have one tune yet to play."

"Play it then, and let me hear."

"It is for one man alone. It is for him who made me blind," said Michel; and he went fiddling on his way. Father Didier stepped back into his shop, rolling up the poster as he went.

But Michel came again to Pontorson, by chance and the call of home, which he obeyed against his will. And he fiddled to the long street of Pontorson, standing at the corner by the barber's shop. Few people there would have remembered him; none knew him now. He had reached the place in the afternoon, he had passed by the empty house which had been his home; it was in the evening that he stood and played.

It was market day, and the long street rumbled with the market carts, and rang dully with the tread of the unsold cattle, returning north to Avranches and south to Dol and the villages between. When he had been playing a little time he felt a commotion round him.

"What is the matter?" said he. A blue-cloaked boy laughed. "A man went to be shaved, and he ran out of the chair because a big moth came in through the window."

"Which way did he go?" asked Michel.

"Over the bridge," said the boy.

When it was just dark the blind man went down the street, past the women washing their linen in the river and beating it with their hands, and over the bridge to Dol. His brother Jean had been afraid of moths. Clear of the village, he hummed continually a little tune.

He was midway between Pontorson and Dol when suddenly a dog barked. The dog yelped when Michel called, and Michel put his fiddle to his shoulder and began to play. He had never played this tune before; he played it as it came to him. The dog was silent now.

When he finished the dog whined at the closed gate, and Michel heard the scratching of his claws upon the wood. He was ready now, and quite certain. Jean had come back then, near to the former home. And Jean came down to the gate and opened it.

"Get away with your fiddle," he said gruffly. "We are poor folk here."

"I am rich, then—now!" answered Michel, and sprang at his throat. It was all so quick there was hardly a struggle, and then a pretty girl came down the path and screamed. Long hours of loneliness had made

her strong and brave. Jean had not been good to her, and she said simply, "You have killed my brother. If you do not stop here, I shall send men after you."

"I cannot stay," said Michel. "I must go," and he was writing on a bit of paper against the back of his fiddle. "Send after me if you like. Give me a minute before you read," said he, and the gate closed.

She stood there dazed, as yet hardly understanding what had happened. It must have been ten minutes before her fingers felt the piece of paper, and she held it close to her eyes and read, in awkward writing: "I, too, am your brother, little sister whom I loved."

She ran through the gate. "Michel!" she called. "Michel!"

But the moonlight mocked her; Michel the fiddler was striding on the road to Dol, bound for the roads beyond and away; and a white dog swung joyfully at his heels.—From the "Sketch."

THE FOOD OF LOVE.

A Suggestion as to the Popularity of Certain Wedding Presents.

"If music be the food of love, play on," remarked Count Orsino in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." If we accept the Count's assumption, we cannot wonder that so many pianos are being used in these days as wedding presents. The June demand is becoming so large that the manufacturers of this gentle musical instrument are, like Mr. Pickwick, indulging in a bland and perpetual smile. During the first five months of this year, the product of the Gourlay piano factory has increased forty per cent. More than that, all these instruments have been sold. This extra flood of orders is certainly abnormal. It cannot be explained fully either by the progress of Canada or the progress of the piano trade, for forty per cent. of an increase is certainly phenomenal. The only reason that can be assigned is the fact that the Gourlay has won a position as the leading high-grade piano in Canada, and one of the finest uprights manufactured anywhere. Musicians in every part of the country and even in foreign lands are awakening to the great merits of this magnificent product of Canadian manufacturing.

Natural.

It was only natural that in the Beecher family the name of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was often quoted to the younger generation as one having authority.

On one occasion a grandniece of Mrs. Stowe became very angry at one of her little playmates, and, stamping her foot, said: "I hate you and I don't want anything more to do with you, nor your manservant, nor your maidservant, nor your ox, nor your ass."

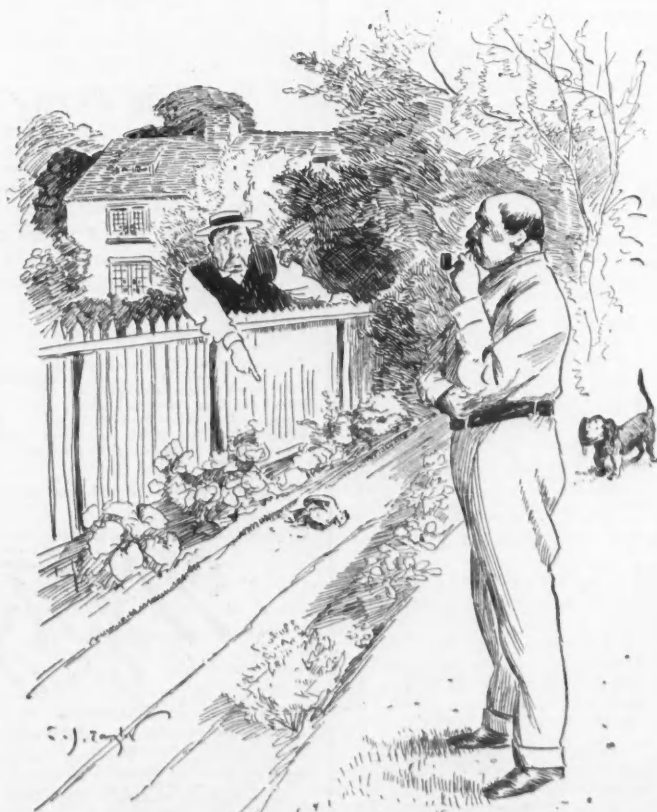
Her mother, hearing the outburst, sternly reproved her offspring, asking her if she knew what she was saying.

Little Miss Beecher promptly replied: "Yes; the Ten Commandments."

"Well, do you know who wrote them?"

The child, looking much disgusted, answered:

"Goodness, yes! Aunt Harriet did, I s'pose."—Boston "Herald."



First Neighbor—Look here, sir! Your dog has eaten one of my chickens!

Second Neighbor—Well, sir, do you object to my dog roaming about my own yard?

Social and Personal.

Among those registered at Hotel Del Monte, Preston Springs, are: Mr. William Seeker, Mr. D. J. Nolan, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Mann, Mrs. J. W. Curry, Miss Curry, Mrs. A. M. Maybee, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Kent, Mr. John J. Webber, Mrs. W. M. Dean, Mrs. A. O. Tate, Mrs. Mackintosh, Mr. Sanderson Percy, Miss E. M. Balmer, Mr. John P. McKenna, Mr. W. J. Taylor, Mr. Marcus T. Lester, Mr. R. H. Matson, Miss Matson, Mr. George Pepper, Mr. Alfred Cuddy, Miss Olive Cuddy, Dr. and Mrs. W. Stewart, Dr. E. H. Kertland, Miss Kertland, Mr. George H. Elliott, Miss May Jones, Mrs. Tackaberry, Mr. and Mrs. T. Thompson, all of Toronto.

Mrs. H. Mansfield Torrington has returned from Newfoundland, and is visiting her mother, Mrs. Pritchard, "Mount Glen," 20 Woodlawn avenue, but will not receive until the autumn. Dr. Torrington will join Mrs. Torrington very shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Garrett announce the marriage of their eldest daughter, Jessie May, to Thomas Sylvester Beasley, Phm.B., Brantford, eldest son of Mr. T. S. Beasley, Hamilton. The marriage will take place at Cowan avenue Presbyterian church, Parkdale, on Wednesday, June 27, at 12.30 o'clock.

An important event is announced for the Lambton Golf and Country Club in August, when a tournament, open to all amateur golfers, will be held during the week beginning August 4. Golfers from all over Canada and the United States have been invited to compete.

Mr. J. F. Austin and his family of Toronto are summering at "Holmsleigh," on the lake shore, Oakville.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dickson will be at home at St. Margaret's College next Thursday evening, from eight to eleven o'clock. The presentation of prizes takes place on Friday at half-past two o'clock.

Miss Annie J. Proctor has resigned from the staff of the Metropolitan School of Music. Miss Proctor will continue her musical work in New York city this September.

A very pleasant departure, and one which will create much interest during this dull summer season, is furnished in the announcement that Mr. George Beardmore has given the use of his beautiful house, Chudleigh, for a piano recital by Miss Adele Verne, assisted by Mlle. Eva Gauthier, contralto. These two delightful artists will be remembered for the pleasure they gave at Madame Albani's concert. Madame Albani herself, with the other members of her company, sailed for England last week, but these two artists remained behind to fulfill an engagement in New York and to give one or two additional recitals in Canada. Friends and musical admirers of these two artists and friends of Mr. George Beardmore can secure tickets on application to Mr. Beardmore.

W. D. McVey, 514 Queen street west, is using a locomobile for the convenience of his friends and patrons to convey them to and from his society studio. Telephone Main 6397 and make your appointments.

"Of course," said the optimist, "if a man gets into the habit of hunting trouble, he's sure to find it."

"Yes," replied the pessimist, "and if he's so lazy that he always tries to avoid it, it will find him. So what's the difference?"

THE FINEST DINNER WINE IN THE WORLD!

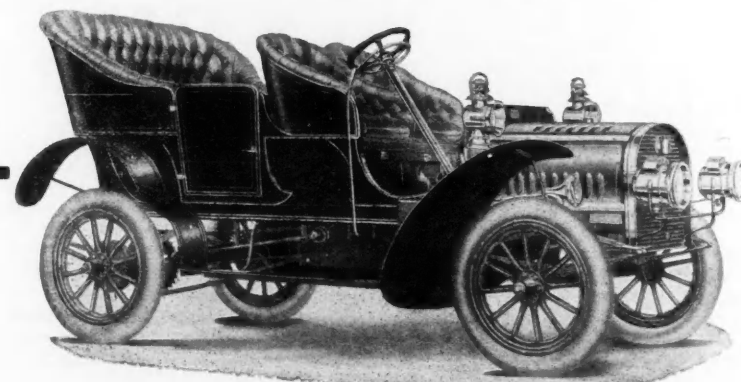


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The Equation of Salt

It has been demonstrated that every human being has his or her equation of error. There are one billion five hundred million inhabitants of the globe (equation of error barred: these are Boehm and Wagner's figures, not ours); out of all these fifteen hundred millions the one who has the most intricate calculations to preside over is the Astronomer Royal of Greenwich. The most elaborate calculations known to the world are concocted in the mathematical and astronomical laboratory at Greenwich, England, near London. While the Astronomer Royal does not make all these calculations himself, he has ultimately to pass upon and be responsible for them. Every one of his subordinates has his particular equation of error. The newly acquired mathematician fresh from Cambridge and dreaming of Her, has a high equation—probably one and one-half per cent. The old mathematician who is bald and gray, and who has had Her living with him for twenty-five or thirty years, probably has a lower equation of error—we will say half of one per cent. The Astronomer Royal himself has his summit like Mont Blanc far above the bald domes or hairy caputs of us lesser mortals—high up in the sterile, icy atmosphere of truth, of fact—far above the timber line of fabrication and the vegetation line of romance, love and things. Yet the Astronomer Royal—the most correct, mathematically speaking, of human beings, has his equation of error, about the one-hundredth of one per cent. He is probably a good man, but certainly must be a disagreeable one to live with. We extend our sincere sympathy to Mrs. Astronomer Royal.

Probably the best way of showing graphically how accurate the Astronomer Royal must be is to take the converse or rather the antipodes of his accuracy. At one end of the metaphor let us place the Astronomer Royal, as being the highest type to which human accuracy can attain; at the other end let us place a newspaper reporter.

The equation of error runs through and permeates human life. Few among us can tell a truthful and accurate story of something we saw the day before. Few among us can tell the story of something we saw and tell it every time in the same way. We speak now only of sincere and earnest persons who attempt to get things

straight. As for those who do not care, and as for those who love embroidering and romancing, such as reporters, war correspondents, and the like, we do not touch upon them. They have no equation of error. They are all error.

These facts have been borne in upon us of late since the big earthquake of April 18, which has been followed by a number of minor earthquakes. Every cook has his or her equation of salt. When matters are running smoothly; when the master does not grumble; when the mistress is reasonable and behaving herself; and when the cook is feeling well—then the equation of salt is uniform. When the cook is not feeling well, the equation of salt is variable. When the master grumbles or the mistress becomes unreasonable, the equation of salt looks like the seismographic diagram drawn by an earthquake needle. Just as, during the big shock of April 18 the patient seismograph lost count completely because the needle dashed off the plate, so since the earthquake shock the most patient and painstaking cooks betray that their equation of salt is similarly affected. At and immediately following the great earthquake shock, the salt equation, like the seismographic diagram, had no record, for if the cook put in a great deal of salt or no salt at all, its presence or absence was lost on the quaking consumers of the food. As they recovered their nerves and their appetites, however, they began to pay more attention to the seismographic curves of the cook. The cook's curves depended absolutely on the intensity of the minor earthquake shocks. When they were vicious the equation of salt fell. As they dwindled away into little baby tremors, the equation of salt rose. Thus to the student of seismology and humanity there was a pleasing parallel afforded between the diagram of the seismograph needle and the curves of the cook.

We are all poor miserable sinners. Even the Astronomer Royal has his equation of error. Every cook has his or her equation of salt.—San Francisco Argonaut.

In New York recently H. Gaylord Wilshire, who for some time lived in Toronto, gave a remarkable dinner to meet the Russian, Maxim Gorki. Among his guests were H. G. Wells, the English novelist and scientist, who is also a Socialist; Professor Franklin Giddings, and Arthur Brisbane, the editor of the Hearst newspapers. "Wilshire's Magazine" has now reached a circulation of 310,000 copies a month, a pinnacle of success which none of his friends ever believed he could reach," says an ex-change.

Athletics

THE Tecumseh-Shamrock game last Saturday at the Island was a splendid exhibition of lacrosse, and lent great encouragement to the belief that there is no field sport as interesting or as spectacular as the national game. It is quite different when a contest resolves itself into a mere slugging match, with an utter absence of that swift and accurate passing and dazzling combination work which sets the grand stand in an uproar of applause. Under those circumstances lacrosse is not a game to be proud of; but when two great teams come together, and all sorts of intricate plays are worked out with the regularity of clock-work, there is not a more scientific contest to be seen anywhere. A stranger who has never seen the game before, does not need to besiege his neighbors with naive inquiries as to the meaning and purpose of various plays. The strategy of the game is so apparent, that even the uninitiated can comprehend the purpose of the tactics employed and tell whether or not certain maneuvers have been successful. When the game is played well there is never a let-up in the attacks on the goals, and this continuous action is ideal for the spectators.

The natural qualities of the game itself, added to the success of the two Toronto teams, cannot fail to make the present lacrosse season a memorable one. The Tecumsehs' victory over the Shamrocks, 5-4, was close enough, but was by no means a surprise, rather a vindication of the local team's claims in the lacrosse world. The Torontos defeated Montreal, the second strongest Eastern team 5-3 on their own grounds. This combined with the Tecumsehs' victory, has, in a way, transferred to Toronto that lacrosse glory which has so long hovered over Montreal athletic fields.

The Hamilton Jockey Club's spring meet, which closes to-day, after eleven days' racing, has been without doubt the most successful in the history of that organization. It goes without saying that it was not as largely attended as the Woodbine, and no doubt the attendance suffered from the rival attraction of Kenilworth Park, Buffalo, but still there was liberal patronage from Hamilton and the surrounding country. The purses were large enough to attract a good quality of horses, the entry-lists were on the whole better balanced than at the Woodbine, where three-horse races were too common, and the racing was of a very fair order of merit. All these are signs pointing to an indisputable advance in horseracing in Canada. The sport every year is becoming more popular, and before many years we shall no doubt see many new tracks and jockey clubs spring into existence. Of course, this means an increase in horsebreeding, and should be a direct economic benefit. Those who wish to put limits to the spread of sport, and especially of horse-racing, are not interpreting aright the signs of the times. Canada so far, as is to be expected in a young country, has been far behind other Anglo-Saxon countries in devotion to sport. In the British Isles, in Cape Colony, in Australasia, the masses are enthusiastically devoted to all kinds of sport, and not least of all to horse-racing. In France of late years there has been a great revival of horse-racing, which may in some part be attributed to the influence of English institutions. The turf in France has liberal Government patronage, and has perhaps supplanted the opera and the fine arts as a national enthusiasm. Great racecourses have been built in the environs of Paris, and form an irresistible magnet for all the strata of Parisian society. There is an equal enthusiasm for horse-racing in other European countries, particularly Austria and Russia. There is no need to describe the extent of turf operations in the United States. Race-tracks dot the land almost as thickly as justices of the peace or Government pensioners.

How are we in Canada to escape the contagion of this enthusiasm of the outside world? If we were a little, mountainous country the size of Switzerland we might taboo the turf and confine our speculation to betting on the growth of glaciers or the chances of an avalanche. As things are, we feel very keenly every throng and pulsation of society in other countries, and are as much indebted to the Custom House for our amusements, our popular pastimes, as for French novels and English woollens. The signs of the times show that horse-racing is an increasingly popular sport. Following these clues, it is mere child's play to predict that horse-racing is going to be more and more popular in Canada. It is much bolder to say that it is going to be as popular as in England or France. We take our pleasures far more tem-

perately than the childlike survivors of old civilizations. Yet we are growing older, too, and therefore more childlike, and require plenty of toys and amusements. As horseracing is a piquant sauce for gala days, well recommended by New York or London gourmands, we are eager to taste this dainty, and like it all the more because it has a fiery taste.

There is a class of reformers who want to deprive our palates of this condiment, and to suppress horseracing, bookmaking, and various other turf incidentals. They treat the public as a nurse does a child. They say that horse-racing is a very indigestible dish, and command you to take their word for it that it ought to be removed from our social table. But the public, like most children, is a doubting Thomas; it must taste and experience before it can renounce. Horse-racing is in its very infancy in Canada as yet, and the public have hardly begun to know its taste. It is difficult to nip an incipient evil in the bud. Its very youth and seeming innocence procure it protectors. It must grow to maturity of blossom, and poison with its noxious fragrance a whole community or a whole nation before reform can make way against it. Then it falls easily because it is old and defenceless, and has made many enemies. So let us assure all those embryonic Wilberforces and Howards who pucker up their lips at horse-racing as at bitter fruit that their time has not come yet, that spring is not the season of harvest, and give them every consolation which will cheer those who have carefully ground their axes and have no chopping-block to test them. The dear public which they so affectionately bully is a wilful child, as yet, and is determined to enjoy horse-racing and perhaps would tolerate bear-baiting or bull-fighting if Providence should send us a few hundred thousand Spanish colonists. Indeed there is no knowing to what lengths our passion for amusement will run if the outside world sets us the fashion and plays the Eve to our Adam.

A clergyman in Montreal has taken occasion to object to the large amount of space which is given to sport in the daily press. It is not known what has inspired the worthy gentleman's animosity; it may be a mere Puritanical dislike to frivolous pursuits, some lofty conception of morality that towers far above the narrow confines of journalistic ethics or possibly the fact that a report of one of his best sermons was crowded out by a barbarous account of a vulgar pugilistic combat between the Broncho Kid or some such gentleman and the Terror of Trois Rivières. It may be that the reverend gentleman has a sneaking suspicion that his parishioners find more pleasure in reading about the doughty exploits of the Terror in the squared ring than in listening to his own excellent homilies on the Terror to come. Jealousy is a common human frailty, and is known to enter evangelistic pulpits, as well as the hearts of fire-eating Mexican lovers. It is, however, a pardonable fault. How can even the best tempered and most charitable divine help feeling indignant and exasperated when he looks down from his lofty rostrum and sees asleep and snoring in the front pews that fine old sportsman Jones, who he knows very well, will be wide enough awake after dinner to scan the Sunday paper for news of the Derby or the lacrosse match? What wonder if he blames Jones' slumbers upon the innocent sporting page, and not upon that very late rubber of whisky or that insidious game of "show-down" the night before at the club?

Possibly there may be another reason for the reverend critic's asperity. Rest assured we are not going to leave off the chase until we find his motive, even if it rests at the bottom of that old box in his cellar, which contains his unsuccessful sermons and all those shy, youthful polemics written when he still trembled before those awful demons of exegesis and homiletics. We have no fear that he had not a motive. He must have had a motive, and a particularly muscular one, with swelling biceps and balloon-like chest expansion, or he would not have dared to insult all the sporting editors of the country and make the junior reporter tremble for his position. He must have received some insult, some injury, some intolerable wrong. Perhaps through the pernicious influence of those above-mentioned, unduly prolix and deleterious (we transcribe his sonorous adjectives) sporting sheets his eldest young hopeful has been decoyed into an irreclaimable set of gay young dogs who, on Saturday afternoons, play croquet and drink lemonade under the trees. What a pitiful young sacrifice to the savage, brutal Moloch of the sporting page! Perhaps when he himself lay groaning on a bed of pain, occasioned by a too hearty consumption of ice-cream at an

ecclesiastical garden party, the daily papers, instead of chronicling his sufferings in hourly bulletins for the benefit of his anxious flock, devoted the entire front page to an account of the opening day at the races, and relegated him from the post of honor among foreign politics, train robbers, and Chicago murderers, to the plebeian society of Division Court bankrupts and debtors and Police Court drunks. Fancy one line about the Rev. Mr. Pastor's illness, and four columns about a horse-race! Such discourtesy (to call it no worse) would distil gall from a honeycomb. Perhaps after these same races he called upon a formerly benevolent business man, asking for a slight contribution for one of his pet philanthropies, a laudable and charitable project for the proper entombment of penniless paupers (the tautology of the title is his, not mine), and found that his friend, having backed the wrong horse, regretted very much being unable to contribute that day. As he bowed himself out in the midst of bland regrets and polite requests to call again, was he not justified in cursing those infamous sporting papers which, by their deceitful "one best" bets, had lost him a fat cheque?

Perhaps, if we can be pardoned a last desperate hypothesis, the worthy clergyman objects to sporting papers on the ground of style and syntax. Their adjectives are not his adjectives, and their grammar is not his grammar, nor of any peace-loving man who objects to a murderous assault upon the King's English, or the toleration of disreputable slang. Sporting phrases may be crisp and vivid, they may contain terse and vigorous similes, but not in the eyes of a man who has read Matthew Arnold on "Sweetness and Light." Every person of literary refinement will sympathize with our Montreal friend if this be his casus belli, and will not hesitate to contribute to a fund for providing sporting editors with pruning hooks for the pruning of over-luxuriant phrases, and soda water for the resuscitation of intoxicated adjectives.

Assuming, however, that our Montreal critic has urgent and pressing reasons for exterminating sporting news, one can assure him that our sins are not as great as those of other people. That is a pious consolation which makes even the best of men satisfied with their own virtue. Look at the New York journals, and see what space they devote to sport. Racing news, baseball bulletins, interviews with jockeys on the front page; reports of automobile races and gossip of prizefighters in every odd corner; eulogies of American athletes in the editorials—from cover to cover, the whole paper is permeated with sport. Look at the English papers and behold the glorification of athletics. What is our worship to the worship of the "Weekly Field" or the "Daily Sportsman"? On one page, printed in the closest type, with a wealth of bald details, you can peruse reports of a hundred football games or a thousand cricket scores. Even the staid old "Times," that oracle of British society, which handles every weighty topic from Vedantic philosophy to missionary effort in Sierra Leone or the subtleties of German diplomatists, spares many columns of its valuable space to chronicle the doings of the sporting world. Even if this be wrong, we would rather err with the "Times" than be correct in the eyes of a lesser critic.

It is useless to object to the prominence given to sport in the daily press. Sporting news is very interesting news to a great number of people, and it is the duty of the papers to give them what they want. It may be all very sad and draw tears from crusty old moralists, but the press is not to blame. It is the fault of that many-headed monster, the public, whose obedient and obsequious servant the press is and, dare we say, must ever be.

In a nice little notice of Oke, the golf professional, "Canada" (published in England) speaks of him as open champion of Canada. As professional of the Ottawa Club, Oke won the title in 1904. The notice goes on to say: "Oke soon demonstrated his superiority over all other amateur and professional golfers in the Dominion, by winning the open championship of Canada in the spring of 1904. He is a player of good calibre, strong in his long game, and at once creditable to the best traditions. As a practical golf-club maker, and a first-class instructor, he is certain of making a name for himself at Sutton Coldfield." This talk would lead to trouble were Oke still in the Dominion. The admirers of Barrett of Lambton and Cumming of Toronto are by no means prepared to admit that Oke was the superior of either. In fact, when the open championship was held last year over the Toronto Club course, Cumming won, with Barrett a close second, and Oke in fifteenth place.

He was not, therefore, open champion of Canada on his return to England, nor had he while here "demonstrated his superiority over all other amateur and professional golfers."

The town of Simcoe is famous in several respects. There are grown the finest gladioli in the world; there are made those alligator boats that float on water and walk on land; there are bred a fine strain of Hackney horses; there is published by Hal B. Donly that great family journal, the Simcoe "Reformer," and there is located the sportiest nine-hole golf-course in Canada, and one of the hardest teams in the country to defeat. A strong team of twelve from the Lambton Golf and Country Club, led by Champion George S. Lyon, went up last Saturday, and won by one point, in the three-point system of counting. The Simcoe course is over fine, rolling hills, with plenty of trees sprinkled about to make trouble for the loose player. It is a nine-hole course, remarkably well kept, and each hole possessing distinctive character. There is not an artificial hazard on the round. The only fault that anybody could fairly find with the Simcoe course is that players going in opposite directions are sometimes thrown too close together, unless the play is very accurate. But on such links a man is compelled to strive for accuracy. Cobourg, Brantford, Simcoe, are three places that possess extra fine golf courses.



AT THE HEALTH RESORT.

"What a pity, papa, that you were not here yesterday. In the evening swarms of glow-worms flew around—it was wonderful."

"For heaven's sake be quiet, child! If the hotelkeeper hears that the fireflies gave us so much pleasure he will put them in the bill as 'Italian Evening.'"

The Parables of Aissa.

The Hippopotamus kindly patted the Frog, who thereupon died. "Sad," wept the Hippo, piously, "but think how I comforted his last moments!" "Don't get excited," said the Duck to the Hen, when they both were thrown into the water.

The Thoroughbred Horse was driven out by his kind, and herded with the Asses. "You will soon feel at home," these told him comfortingly. And it was so.

In the course of time the Eagle died. "See," chirped all the Little Birds, "what comes of flying high!" "What do you do to keep so beautiful?" they asked the Butterfly. "I do nothing," she replied.

The young Gnat had a Disappointment. "You will get over it in a day or two," said the elephant kindly. But the Gnat died of old age at the end of the first day.

"Have you ever thought, my son, how much time is lost in playing cards?" "Often—in shuffling and dealing."

Far too many cooks spoil the broth. —"Smart Set."

Irrefutable.

A young man came to the polling place on election day and offered his vote. It was his first appearance in the character of an elector, and he had the independence, or audacity, to differ politically with his father. His father challenged his vote.

"On what grounds?" demanded the presiding officer. "He isn't twenty-one."

"I am twenty-one," asserted the youth.

"No you're not," said the father; "you won't be twenty-one till tomorrow."

"I say I will," cried the youth. "I was born on the 12th day of November. It's down in the old Bible."

"Then it's a mistake," said the man. "You weren't born till the morning of the 13th of November, I can vow."

"How can you?"

"How!" repeated the old man, indignantly. "Goodness gracious, wasn't I there?"

"Well," returned the son, with proud defiance, "wasn't I there, too?"

The young man voted.

Woke the Wrong Man.

An Irishman slept in the same room one night with a negro. His face was blackened during the night by a practical joker. Starting off in a hurry in the morning he caught sight of himself in a mirror. Puzzled, he stopped and gazed, and finally exclaimed,

"Begorra, they've woke the wrong man!"—"Judge's Magazine of Fun."

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Spending has ever been an easier matter than saving—but less wise. We offer exceptional inducements and facilities to help you to save. \$1.00 opens an account in our Savings Department.

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The Best Shorthand System.

A shorthand contest took place in Baltimore last week, and the prize was won by a young Englishman who wrote the system perfected nearly half a century ago by the late Sir Isaac Pitman. A number of systems, all copied from the original Pitman system, but given different names, are extensively used in the United States and Canada, the alleged inventors all claiming that the systems are improvements on the Pitman method, but apparently the old reliable still holds the palm when it comes to a thorough speed test. The real test of a shorthand system is high speed. Many systems are evolved which will enable a student to rapidly acquire the ability to write 100 or 125 words a minute, but when a speaker gets up into the rarefied atmosphere of 175 to 200 words per minute, and over, these systems often break down. No verbatim reporter is an expert unless he can take 200 words continuously for several minutes, which means that during some minutes he may be called upon to spurt to 225 words. Almost any bright student with any system can reach a speed of 130 or 140 words a minute in a few months, but it takes years of practice to increase speed above that to 200 words. Not only have the brain and the hand to be trained, but it is necessary to have the best system, and Isaac Pitman's has long been considered the most reliable. Pitman was knighted in 1894 by Queen Victoria for the distinction he achieved in bringing stenography to a high state of perfection.—Ottawa "Citizen."

Beyond the Pale.

"But," says the visitor to the old friend, whom she has not seen for ten years, "you will pardon my seeming presumption, yet I think I could suggest several ways in which your house could be more economically managed."

"Economy?" says the hostess, with some hauteur. "Pardon me, but our position in society is such that we cannot afford to save money."—"Life."

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OF WHICH ARE STRICTLY GUARANTEED UNDER ACTS OF PARLIAMENT (38 and 39 Vic., Cap. 63, 50 and 51 Vic., Cap. 28) Notable as they are in such distinctions, W. & A. Gilbey are famous also as growers and distillers—producers of All-Pure Malt Whiskies and Genuine Vintage Wines From among more than 350 Specialties the following are excellent for general consumption and particularly old and choice:

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Champagne Cognac, "L'Or Extrait du Vin." (Five Stars).	
A Cognac Brandy of the finest quality.	
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Of great age, with soft, mellow flavor.	

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AN UNCANNY EXPERIENCE

BY "ELLOCK"
For the truth of this strange story the author, an officer in
His Majesty's Navy, vouches.

HERE are many people who think that with the advent of steam, steel, and electricity most of the romance and superstition attributed to a sailor has been knocked out of his life. It may be so, but I still maintain that those whose duty it is to spend the greater portion of their lives on the sea meet with strange events, some of which are never to be forgotten.

The incident I am about to relate happened less than four years ago. I was in sound health at the time, and do not consider that I was subject to any mesmeric or hypnotic influences; I have, therefore, no hesitation in asserting most positively that this story is not due to any trick of the imagination.

I was serving at the time on board one of His Majesty's men-of-war as first lieutenant. We were in the Tropics, with a nice moderate temperature of eighty-two degrees, and I was keeping the middle watch—that is, from midnight to 4 a.m.

The night was as perfect as only a still night in the Tropics can be. The sea was like a sheet of glass, and a gentle air was wafted from right astern; as our speed was practically identical with that of the light breeze, a lighted match would burn without flickering.

The moon had set about half an hour previously, leaving only the stars to keep the sky alight, but these were not bright enough to prevent sea and horizon forming one uniform mass of pitchy blackness. It is marvellous how dark a brilliant night at sea can be; but this was one of the darkest I have ever beheld.

For company on the fore bridge I had two men: the helmsman, whose sole duty it is to keep his eye on the compass-card and hold the ship on her course; and the quartermaster, who is responsible for the helmsman's actions.

Tall, and very thick-set, the quartermaster's nickname of "Big Bill" thoroughly suited him. As honest a sailor as ever wore His Majesty's uniform, proud of his profession and proud of himself, "Big Bill"—William Garraway was his name—was always to be seen with an open smile, and was just the man to help to push a small ship's company through a tough job.

The next nearest men to me were the boatswain's mate and the ship's corporal, who kept their watch about fifteen feet below on the upper deck; the duty of the latter was to go round the ship at odd times to see that everything was correct and to strike the bell each half hour. Everyone else had turned in, except the sentry on the life-buoy, right aft, a hundred and fifty yards away.

The only sounds audible were the distant thud of the engines and the hiss of our bow wave. In fact, it was so quiet that about 3.10 a.m. I sent the corporal of the watch aft to tuck up the end of an awning lacing which I heard flapping against a stanchion, because it did not keep time with the engines, and so disturbed the stillness. This must have been a hundred and twenty yards away.

The only light visible was the dull glow in the compass-bowl, in the reflection of which the helmsman's face stood out, as he leaned over the wheel. From the end of the fore-bridge I could just discern the quartermaster's shadow.

Picture yourself slowly pacing up and down a narrow platform, high

DOCTOR EXPLAINS

His Article in the Medical Magazine
About Coffee.

One of the most famous medical publications in the United States is the "Alkaloidal Clinic," in a recent number of which an entertaining article on coffee by a progressive physician and surgeon was published. In explaining his position in the matter this physician recently said:

"In the article in question I really touched but lightly upon the merits of Postum Food Coffee. I have had several cases of heart trouble, indigestion and nervousness where a permanent cure was effected by merely using Postum in place of coffee without any other treatment."

"In my own family I have used Postum for three years, and my children actually cry for it, and will not be satisfied with any other beverage. Indeed they refuse to eat until they have had the customary cup of Postum, and as it is a re-builder and does nothing but good I am only too glad to let them have it."

"To get the best results we boil the Postum at least 20 minutes, and it is then settled by adding a little cold water, then the addition of fresh cream makes a beverage I now prefer to the very best coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Authorities are agreed that Postum is a wonderfully quick and sure re-builder. Ten days' trial in place of coffee proves it.

Look in packages for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

above the sea, on such a night as I have attempted to describe!

While turning at one end of the bridge I thought I heard someone call out "Bill Garraway," in a small but distinct voice, and whilst passing the quartermaster by the wheel, on my return journey across the bridge, I noticed that he was looking up and listening. A few minutes must have elapsed when I again heard his name called. This time I had no doubt of it—"Bill Garraway!" "Bill Garraway!"

The voice seemed to come from the upper deck, where a number of our men were sleeping on account of the stuffiness below.

"Did anyone sing out for you, Quartermaster?" I said.

"Well, sir; I thought I heard someone; it sounded like Jones," he replied, naming one of his messmates. "Jump down," I said, "and see what he wants."

As the quartermaster left the bridge I felt the air a trifle chilly with the coming dawn, which is preceded by a strange kind of blackness. I hailed the corporal of the watch to fetch my coat from my cabin, but as I received no answer, I knew he must be going one of his hourly rounds. I then sent the helmsman, and took the wheel myself. After perhaps two minutes the quartermaster returned and reported that all the men on the upper deck were asleep in their hammocks, and that there was no one walking about. He took the wheel, and, turning away, I resumed my walk, inwardly abusing the helmsman for not returning with my coat.

Seven bells began to strike (3.30 a.m.), but instead of stopping at seven, eight—then nine—were struck.

I was in the act of turning to ask the corporal of the watch what on earth he was playing at, when, catching sight of the quartermaster's face, my eyes remained fixed on him, and I could not have moved had the ship been sinking.

To describe my own sensations at that moment is impossible. It was not fear—I know what that is—but I felt my skin wrinkle all over.

There, in the dull reflected glow from the binnacle, stood out the man's head and shoulders, his right arm bent as if warding off a blow at his head, his left arm stretched in front of him, with fingers working in jumps, as if trying to keep off some horror. But it was his face that transfixed me. Eyes staring vacantly, jaws open, and, by the light shining into his mouth, I could see his tongue move as if attempting to speak.

The only sound was the soft thud of the engines; it seemed to me some terrible nightmare.

At last, in a sort of gasp, he was able to utter:

"My God! I am done! I am done!"

This served to start my circulation again, and, more to ease my own feelings than anything else, I dashed at him, spun him round by his outstretched arm, and abused him roundly.

"What do you mean by letting her get a point off her course, you great big lumping tailor," I exclaimed; "if you can't manage to take the wheel at your time of life, you'd better—"

and so on and so on.

His eyes seemed to recover their usual look, his jaw closed with a snap, as his hands fell on the spokes of the wheel, bringing the ship back to her course.

It was a marvelous exhibition of instant working on a strong will, as five seconds before this big, healthy man must have been undergoing a mental strain too terrible for words. His behaviour now was just what I wanted to enable me to collect my somewhat scattered senses. To say I had been thoroughly frightened was to put it mildly.

At this moment the helmsman appeared with my coat.

I watched the quartermaster carefully for a few minutes, and noticed that, though he was steering correctly, a queer far-away look came into his eyes and the perspiration was running down his face. Wishing to give him some physical work, I sent him into the chains to see if he could pick up an imaginary four-fathom patch I said we were expecting.

The helmsman then took the wheel, and I turned and hailed the corporal of the watch, and asked him why he was such an idiot as to strike nine bells instead of seven.

His reply rather astonished me.

"I have only just come up from going rounds, sir; and was coming to report seven bells to you as usual. Shall I strike them, sir?"

"No," I said, as I naturally did not wish to tell him nor anyone else about what had taken place. I ordered him to find out who had struck the bell, and see if any of the men were out of their hammocks; also to count the number sleeping on the upper deck.

I then asked the boatswain's mate, who was standing just below, if he had struck the bells. He replied that he had not done so, but had heard nine bells.

Feeling certain that the only other men about were the helmsman and the boatswain's mate, both of whom

denied striking the bell, I was again surprised at the corporal answering almost immediately:

"There are twenty-three men slinging on the upper deck, sir; and all in their hammocks and seem asleep."

The next quarter of an hour passed away. The quartermaster got no soundings, as we were in 500 fathoms. I called him in, and he took up his usual post near the wheel, and, so far as I could make out, seemed just the same as when he came out on the bridge with me at midnight. Eight bells came (struck by the corporal of the watch), and my relief turned up in the usual "yawny" state. I went down the ladder with the quartermaster of my watch following me, and as he looked quite fit again I asked him how he had managed to let the ship slip away out of her course.

"Very sorry, sir; I can't make it out at all," he said. "I think I must have been dreaming sort of."

His voice was cheery, and as I was longing for my bunk I did not puzzle much over the inadequacy of his explanation before I fell asleep.

That morning I came into breakfast about eight o'clock, and found the doctor there alone.

"Good morning, No. 1," he said. "Have you heard that we lost a man during the night?"

In a flash the scene on the bridge at 3.30 a.m. came back to me, and I knew who he meant before he continued:

"William Garraway, P. O. 1, found dead in his bunk when the hands were called."

We buried him at sea that evening; the doctor stating his death to be due to heat stroke.

As is usual, his effects were sold and bought by the ship's company at fancy prices, and his relatives received the proceeds. I went through the few letters and papers he had in his ditty-box, and found a scrap of paper, evidently part of a torn-up letter written to him.

There were only these three words that made any sequence—"And nine bells."

So ends my story. As I did not want it known in the ship, my endeavors to find a solution had to be carried on alone and indirectly, and were without any result—"Grand Magazine" for June.

Shoes for Men, Too.

It is not a ladies' shop—not entirely—for the famous Foot-rite shoe for men and boys has the front place in the new Dolly Varden Boot shop. It is the Foot-rite shoe which, like the Dolly Varden, is sold at the same price in Canada as in the United States—\$5 and \$4. But gentlemen must not get the idea that only the Dolly Varden Shoe for dainty women is sold at 110 Yonge street. Foot-rite shoes for well-dressed boys, \$3.50. They are cheaper in the long run.

Not Enough Bait.

Senator Knox has a good story of the last fight the late Senator Quay of Pennsylvania made in the Senate. Quay was working hard on the Statehood Bill, obstructing legislation, when a scheme was fixed up to get him away from the Senate for a time.

Quay was very fond of tarpon fishing, and had a winter place in Florida. One afternoon he received this telegram from a friend who thought the Senator might be in better business than pottering around about new States:

"Fishing never so good. Tarpon biting everywhere. Sport magnificent. Come."

Quay read the telegram, and smiled a tiny, little smile. Then he answered it thus:

"Tarpon may be biting, but I am not. M. S. Quay."—"Saturday Evening Post."

Broken Promise.

"You advertise a homelike air about your place, do you not?" asked the guest.

"I do," replied the hotel man. "You advertise that special effort is made to give a home-atmosphere to the dining-room, don't you?"

"Yes, sir." "Then how is it that I have eaten four meals here and at none of them has anyone told me that the cook is going to quit, that the milkman is cheating us, that the Browns just must keep their dog out of our flower-beds, and that I can't expect my dinner to be satisfactory if I do not get home in time for it?"—"Puck."

Jinks—Inside of three days I had kissed every girl on the beach. Winks—Why the delay?—"Puck."

Rain will neither
wet nor spot your
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Cravenette

But make sure it is a "Cravenette" and not a substitute. Every yard of the genuine bears the "Cravenette" trademark. Look for it and accept no other.



YOU will always be in good company if you wear Semi-Ready Tailored Clothes. Art, style, quality and distinction. These four attributes made a famous litterateur exclaim: "Gentlemen nowadays wear Semi-Ready Clothes." And when you wear Semi-Ready once as soon would you waste the precious hours waiting for a cobbler to make you a pair of shoes as to hark back to the custom tailoring and wait-to-order clothes. Semi-Ready Suits for 1906, \$15, \$20 and \$25. Fine English Worsted Double-Breasted Sack Suits, style shown in picture, \$20.

55 Semi-Ready Wardrobes in Canada.

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is made from wine—the pure juice of the grape. It is the safe brandy—the Brandy almost invariably specified by reputable physicians.

For Sale by Leading Wine Merchants.

AGENTS FOR CANADA:

JOHN HOPE & CO., MONTREAL

A Receipt for His Brain.

An Ohio politician enjoys telling of a political discussion he once overheard in a country grocery store.

In some way the argument, quite a heated one, degenerated into a dispute in which one side took the position that the others were crazy to entertain such political tenets as theirs.

At this point a solemn-looking individual, who up to this time had held his peace, suddenly interjected: "Gents, I want to say that I'm the only sane man here that has the papers to prove it!"

The crowd gazed upon him in astonishment. "It is true, gents," continued the

solemn-looking individual, as he drew forth a document from the recesses of his coat, "here's my discharge from the State Insane Asylum!"—"Harper's Weekly."

No Deal.

"She's worth her weight in gold!" the proud American mother asserted. Assuming pure gold worth approximately twenty dollars per ounce, and knowing her weight to be one hundred and ten pounds, the Count, by a rapid mental calculation, arrived at the figure fifteen thousand four hundred dollars.

"Oh, ah, a most charming young lady, of course!" he said, hastily gathering up his hat and cane; "but

I had been led to believe—aw, that is, I couldn't think of that price, you know!"—"Puck."

Both Lacking.

"De man dat won't take no chances," said Uncle Eben, "ain't got courage, an' de man dat takes too many ain't got sense."—"Washington Star."

Off and On.

Redd—I see Hevemann has been out horseback riding for four hours. Pretty hard on that horse?

Greene—Oh, well, he was only on the horse about half of the time.—Yonkers "Statesman."



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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"Saturday Night" at Summer Resorts

Readers and subscribers of *Saturday Night* leaving Toronto for the summer months may have their favorite weekly paper mailed direct from the office of publication to their summer home for any period. Our special offer is 25 cents for six weeks. Orders for new subscriptions and change of address should be sent to the *Saturday Night* Office, 26-28 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

Points About People.

Colonel Denison of Toronto may be seen any morning, winter or summer, walking from his home to the City Hall, where he dispenses justice. At precisely the same second of time each day he enters the court room, and people can test the accuracy of their watches by his arrival. The Colonel is a great walker, and many a West-End citizen in keeping pace with him of a morning has found the clip too fast for him. Conversation about the Port Hope man who recently walked to Toronto has frequently led up to the remark that the Colonel, if he cared to do it, could make that walker stretch his legs. In Colonel Denison's interesting book, *Soldiering in Canada*, I have come across the following passage: "On one occasion my father made a bet with my Uncle Richard that I could walk six miles in an hour in a fair heel and toe walk. I knew I could pass anyone I ever met, but had never timed myself. When the day fixed for the test came, my uncle and one or two others rode along beside me to watch me, and I walked backwards and forwards on a single mile between two mile-stones on the main road. I did the first three miles in twenty-nine and one-half minutes, and then said I would step out, and I did my best, and completed the other three miles in twenty-seven minutes, or six miles in fifty-six and one-half minutes. This was not done in the professional shuffle or run which is called walking, but was a fair heel and toe walk." It may be added, too, that the distance was not merely an estimated six miles, but accurately measured.

This is Mr. Robert Nelson Walsh, the Conservative member for Huntingdon, Que. This is not an unpremeditated pose. Mr. Walsh is the reverse of garrulous. Though he is a faithful attendant at committee meetings, and is always in his place in the House, he has not occupied a page of *Hansard* since the session opened. By his votes he is known. He was the only Quebec man who voted against the increased sessional indemnity. He was the only Quebec man who opposed the Separate School Bill. This last vote brought down upon Walsh's head a fierce storm. *Le Nationaliste*—reputed to belong to Mr. Henri Bourassa, M.P.—referred to the member from Huntingdon as follows: "Walsh is a type of Irish Protestant, his face alone recalling the lost days of Erin and embracing all the fanaticism of Ulster. We hope the French-Canadian members of his county will remember him." Mr. Walsh's Conservative constituency has unique features. All the Orangemen are Liberals and all the Irish Catholics are Conservatives. It was settled principally by Scotch and Irish, but its character is being rapidly changed by an influx of French-Canadians.



MR. R. N. WALSH, M.P.

Mr. Alexander Martin, one of the Prince Edward Island members, is telling of a predicament he found

himself in the other day in Ottawa. He attended a temperance meeting and was given a prominent seat. After the meeting was over, one of the clergymen who had taken a leading part, advancing to the front, said: "Now, gentlemen, I think that we should all sign the pledge. Any who have not signed should sign now, and those who have signed will not be harmed if they sign again. The list will be led off by Mr. Martin." Now, Mr. Martin is not particularly adverse to tingeing his "Polly" with something a trifle stronger than lemon. He commenced to wriggle. For a moment he was at a loss how to escape, but finally he managed to voice a protest, something to the effect that the honor would overburden him. He would rather some one better known to the audience would head the list. This was agreed to, and when the blue ribbon candidates crowded around the pledge sheet Mr. Martin beat a masterly retreat.

When the Hon. A. S. Hardy was in sore trouble, trying to hold up the Premiership of Ontario with a majority of two or three, he attended a meeting, says the *Toronto Star*, at which the Premier of Canada spoke. Sir Wilfrid Laurier entered the hall; Mr. Hardy's eye took in the slim, straight, tall figure, the air of youthful grace, and a peculiar knack of wearing clothes as if they were a part of him. As Laurier doffed his overcoat and laid it on a table on the platform Hardy sighed and said: "By George, if I could take off my coat like that I'd have a majority of twenty."

When Hon. George E. Foster decided to take steps to have the young French-Canadian journalist, Mr. Cinq-Mar, "brought before the bar of the House," it must have looked to him like a promising stroke of politics. By this unusual procedure the attention of Quebec was to be fastened on the fact that Mr. Foster was horrified by and unable to rest a moment under the imputation of being hostile to the race and religion of Quebec. This is the appearance the incident was expected to take on. But something went wrong with it. The Liberal members suspecting that it was less the dignity of the House than the progress of the party that concerned Mr. Foster, were not ready to give the affair the awful solemnity that is requisite to save it from being farcical. Mr. Cinq-Mar put on the finishing touch. He appeared before the bar of the House in frock coat, silk hat, with gloved hands. He honored the occasion with all ceremony, and bore himself with joyous propriety. Parliament was less ready



MR. CINQ-MARS
Before the Bar of the House of Commons.

than he for the ordeal. Mr. Foster since has deemed it well to upbraid Parliament and the Premier for the levity with which the offender was received. The scene was more farcical than impressive, and young Mr. Cinq-Mar will probably arrive in Parliament when next the chance comes, as a result of the fame Mr. Foster has given him. One is rather surprised that such a speaker as Hon. George E. Foster should choose to rely on anything but his gift of speech to set himself right before the country or to deal blows to his enemies. The "bar of the House" will not be kept busy hereafter, it is safe to predict. The accompanying picture shows Mr. Cinq-Mar standing before the bar, the sergeant-at-arms seated at his desk.

When the British journalists were touring Canada in 1903, the man among them who made friends most quickly with Canadian writers was the novelist, Mr. Neil Munro. The party was in charge of Mr. George Ham of the C.P.R., and Mr. Munro came to appreciate the matchless smile and unfailing humor of George. Munro wrote some verse on the man and the smile. First, melodiously, he described how the Creator made Canada, but was disappointed by the sullenness of the Indians who, in the sunniest of lands, never smiled. Here is where George comes in:

Long thought the Lord, and one bright day
He made Him a man of His spit and clay,
And set him forth in the sun to dry,
In a place where waters went rippling by.
Said the Lord, "Be laughter wherever you are,
Stand forth George Ham of the C.P.R.!"

So wherever the C.P.R. lines run,
From Montreal to the setting sun,
If there are folk who are tired and sad,
They will welcome George, the perennial lad,
Georgius Rex—true King of Smiles;
Who carried laughter ten thousand miles!"

Somewhere out in the country back of and beyond Peterboro there may be to-day a farmer and his family surprised by the peculiar behavior of a little elderly man who may be seen in solitude, hour after hour, in the bed of some stream hammering among the rocks. His strange conduct will lead the farmer to believe him insane; and friendly and genial as he will prove to be on approach, the explanation he will give of the work he is doing will probably serve to confirm the farmer's worst fears. He will explain that he is hunting fossils, and he will explain that fossils are little stone wigglers of one kind and another embedded in the rocky formation he is examining. The man will be Mr. Joseph Townsend, formerly editor of the *Grey Review* in Durham, and with a newspaper experience covering Dundalk, Orangeville, Elora and

Guelph. Perhaps no man has done more than Joseph Townsend to search out and classify the geographical specimens procurable in Ontario. He has made it the hobby of his life, and with little reward has sacrificed all his interests to the work. The collections at Ottawa and Toronto have been largely made up by him, and the remuneration he has received has been small, although he was glad enough to work and collect for love of the task. For the first time in his life Mr. Townsend has got an opportunity to throw himself into his task and revel in it. The Provincial University has commissioned him to pursue his investigations for four months this summer, half the time in the country from Peterboro to Ottawa, and the other half in the country west of Winnipeg. This assignment fulfils the dream of his simple and devoted life. He will rise at dawn, walk incredible distances and pursue his search for fossils until night drives him to seek a bed somewhere—anywhere. There are men with these passions still among us.

Mr. J. S. Cartwright, Master in Chambers at Osgoode Hall, who has just entered on his twenty-fourth year in the gloom of that hall of justice, has a sly sort of humor that is all his own. Not long ago there was some discussion, on a motion before him, as to the meaning of the word "vagrancy." After the lawyers had had their say pro and con, the Master quietly suggested that in order to escape arrest as a vagrant—as some people defined that word—the citizen had better carry a loaf of bread around with him under his arm. Nobody could then say that he had no visible means of support.

Mr. M. C. O'Donnell of Toronto, who has written considerable melodious verse for the local press, has just brought out a song of which he composed the words and Mr. H. W. Arthurs the music. *Irish Lake* is the title of the song, and it bids fair to find popularity, because of the sentiment of the verse and the merit of the music. The inspiration for the song was found in Irish Lake in the county of Grey, where Mr. O'Donnell lived as a boy, and the song will specially appeal to those who have visited the spot.

DRAMA

THE two performances of R. C. Carton's play, *Liberty Hall*, given by the Toronto Press Club in Shea's Theater on Friday and Saturday nights of last week, were decidedly pleasing and meritorious. The audiences, particularly on the first night, were large, and the pleasant atmosphere of heightened interest usually pervading a theater when popular amateurs perform was easily discernible. The warmth of the reception of the play, however, was a genuine tribute to the excellent work of the players, all of whom assumed their roles in an adequate and very satisfying manner. The title *Liberty Hall* would suggest a comedy of rollicking Bohemianism of a sort which in the popular mind might seem peculiarly appropriate for presentation by a press club, yet it is not a play of swift action, but one demanding considerable earnestness of intent on the part of the actors. Flippancy, indeed, is as rare in *Liberty Hall* as a velvet coat or a flowing necktie at a Toronto Press Club luncheon.

Mr. Robert Stuart Pigott, whose experience as a reader and actor stood him in good stead, gave an easy and excellent portrayal of Mr. Owen, the masquerading baronet who in the assumed role of a commercial man wins the affection of *Blanche Chilworth*, a supercilious young girl of aristocratic parentage, whose father has died leaving her penniless. Such parts as this are too often overacted by professionals, but Mr. Pigott played it with a degree of discrimination and restraint that was refreshing. Mrs. Ethel Van Valkenburg as *Blanche Chilworth* invested the character with great interest and charm, her interpretation being most intelligent. Miss Gertrude Tewsley as her sister, *Amy Chilworth*, also displayed distinct talent in that *ingenue* role, many people remarking that she suggested Miss Alice Lannon. Miss Mabel Dalby was very amusing as *Crafer*, the slavey; and Miss Isabel Watson, as the awkward *Miss Hickson*, also contributed her share of merriment. To Mr. Douglas A. Paterson the greatest praise is due not only for his untiring and most effective work as stage manager, in which capacity he was responsible for the smoothness with which the performances were given, but also for his capital delineation of Mr. Todman, the simple but kindly old bookseller. Mr. J. Edgar Middleton, an earnest student of dramatic art, as might have been expected, made the most of the role of the vulgar and amusingly conceited *Briginslaw*. Mr. J. Harry Smith was admirable as Mr. Pedrick, a British solicitor of the old school. Mr. Frank M. Kennedy very creditably filled the part of Hon. Gerald Harrington. Mr. Guy V. Mitchell, as Mr. Hickson; Mr. Joseph Hay, as Robert Binks, shop boy; and Mr. Allan Green, as the butler, played their parts excellently and thoroughly.

A feature of the performances was the fine musical programme given by a specially-organized orchestra under the direction of Mr. Frederick Nicolai. The playbill was an elaborate souvenir booklet of some sixty-four pages, containing portraits of the principals, also stories, sketches, poems, cartoons, etc., contributed by members of the club.

Building operations are to be commenced at once on the new theater on the old Upper Canada College grounds, to be known as the Alexandra, and run in connection with the Schuberts of New York. Mr. T. W. Horn has been awarded the contract, which calls for the completion of the theater by December 1.

As previously noted in SATURDAY NIGHT, it is promised that many noted artists, including Sarah Bernhardt, who are not now heard in Toronto will appear next season at the new playhouse.

Ben Greet and his company of woodland players lose nothing in popularity in Toronto as the seasons go by. The plays given in the residence garden at the University last week included *As You Like It*, *The Tempest*, *Comedy of Errors*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Twelfth Night*, and *Much Ado About Nothing*. For the most part the weather was favorable for out-of-door performances, and as of yore the conscientious and thorough artists were greeted by fine audiences, composed largely of Shakespeare enthusiasts.

Miss Maude Adams' notable *Peter Pan* engagement in New York, which has just closed, was the longest she has played for many seasons. The play ran at the Empire

Theater for thirty-one weeks of eight performances a week. James L. Ford, the author and humorist, was talking of the great charm of *Peter Pan* to several newspaper men the other day when he remarked: "If I had a bad boy I wanted to punish I would take him to see Maude Adams in *Peter Pan* and bring him away at the end of the first act. The realization of what he had missed would be worse than terrible."

History is repeating itself for Edna May in London. Always true to their idols, the British theatergoer is just as hearty and enthusiastic in his receptions to Miss May as ever before. The two seasons she was away touring on this side seem to have increased her popularity over there. In *The Belle of Mayfair* she has scored from the start, and every performance at the Vaudeville is a crowded one.



(The Bachelor's Standpoint).

I'm a chap in a bank and I work pretty hard,
Standing all day in a cage tightly barred
With a ragged old coat on my poor aching back,
And a new one, not paid for, hung up on the rack.
Though not very flush as to pockets I'm still
In demand among matrons with parlors to fill;
My age—three and twenty; blue eyes and fair hair,
Six feet in my stockings, the ladies declare.
In short I am always most anxious to please,
Though I'm not over partial to Afternoon Teas.
I'm fond of a dance and a card party too,
Never refuse a good dinner menu,
A luncheon, a supper of plain bread and cheese—
But I wish they'd not ask me to Afternoon Teas!

I have to wear glasses, of good sight bereft,
Which will account for the fact I once left
My belongings in quite the wrong room, don't you know,
Wherein only my sisters and cousins should go.
Then when I descended the stairs 'twas to blunder
Right into the pantry, to ev'ryone's wonder;
Emerging, I managed to knock down a tray
With twenty-five glasses of "cup" and Tokay;
I shook hands with waiters, all sorts and degrees
I mixed at the first of my Afternoon Teas.
I don't mind a "euchre," progressive or plain,
And even church socials may have me again,
Or a downtown club supper, in spite of the fees—
O—anything rather than Afternoon Teas!

You can't find your hostess, you don't know your host,
Daughter of house is as stiff as a post—
And no wonder, since you were the
dolt who upset
Boiling coffee all over poor Fido,
her pet!
Imagine the scene; quite a petti-
coat orgy!
With whispers of "Stuff! Not at
all. What? With Georgy?
Impossible, simply. I know them
both well.
What, again? Well, I never, O no.
I won't tell."

For gossip and giggle and headache and squeeze
Are about all you get at most Afternoon Teas.

The last I attended, 'twas really too bad,
Men at a minimum, few to be had,
Just myself and three others, long-suffering four,
In a crowd of fair women, say fifty or more.
I did my part nobly, yes, this I will say,
As laden with ices I elbowed my way
From hall to bay window, or took on my arm
A dowager, heavy as any gendarme;
For mothers before their fair daughters, one sees,
Is one of the rules at all Afternoon Teas.

In short I've decided that young men like me
Are better elsewhere than at Afternoon Tea.
Say, at *matinees*, golfing, or mending a tire,
While wheeling alongside the girls we admire.
Let *blase* old bachelors take then our places,
The married men, too, get again in the traces.
For me—I refuse to be just a tame cat,
To hand about dishes and pose on the mat;
Though to wait on the fair I can do it with ease—
I'd rather not try it at Afternoon Teas.
I'll go to a dance, to a card party too,
Never refuse a good dinner menu,
A luncheon, a supper of plain bread and cheese—
But I'll draw the line henceforth at Afternoon Teas.
S. F. HARRISON.



A Lively Place.

"Well, yes," said the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern, "there is a good deal going on nowadays, here in the village. Our most prominent young gentleman elocutionist entertains the Reading Circle every Friday night with selections from Sut Lovengood's works and Mrs. Sigourney's poems; to her day a real light-haired member of the Y.M.C.A., who is also a valued assistant in Potter's undertaking parlors, picked up a lady's garter in front of the post office before he understood what it was, and has since been having sinking spells every time he thinks about the humiliating episode. We have just discovered that we have in our midst a young man who is so well off in this world's goods that he can afford to travel clear over to Allegash to do his courting. Some of our most earnest church workers have sunk a deep shaft, by running the subject of infant baptism into the ground; and there is considerable talk going on about a man who is wearing his Sunday clothes every day while his wife is away on a visit. Yes, sir! old Pruntytown is pretty lively, just now!"

English Parliamentary Golfers

BY SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES.

ONCE a year I go forth to see the opening day of the Parliamentary Golf Handicap, when Peers and Commoners, pressmen and officials contend together for the mastery. On Saturday last I was amongst the lookers-on at Littlestone, and once more I was impressed by the fact that one game of golf very much resembles another. It is not really a game at all, it is a solemnity—and it seems to be peculiarly adapted to public men and members of Parliament. I know not who first pointed out that "a good lie" has much to do with success at golf, the politician takes to the game in a very natural manner, but whoever he was he called attention to a great truth which has been repeated many a time since. There is this difference between golf and politics, however; in golf you must not "improve the lie," whereas in politics every man does so if he can.

There is something very quaint and interesting in observing the different status of men in the House and on the links. I have seen a private member who is quite a nobody at Westminster, and who would feel a thrill of gratitude if a front bench man nodded to him, swaggering about on the links and the wretched front bench man trembling before him. Nay, I have seen a statesman, whose name gains the largest type on the posters, and whose speeches are reported *verbatim*, shivering beneath the scornful glance of a caddie—a ragged urchin whose opinion on other topics would not be given a moment's thought. In golf all other claims to respect vanish, and if a man plays a bad game, it matters not whether he has saved the Empire many times, the caddie despises him, and makes no attempt to conceal his feelings. The scratch man (or the plus man) is king, the monarch of all he surveys, and his right there is none to dispute.

It was Mr. Dooley who gave the world a luminous explanation of the true meaning of the phrase "scratch man." Mr. Hennessy asked why the best players were called "scratch men," and Mr. Dooley's answer was, "It's a Scotch game." The remark might be made safely in Dooley's Chicago beer saloon when he was talking to an Irishman—but it cannot be safely repeated in Scotland. Mr. Dooley's other well-known dictum concerning caddies is not so risky. He explained that the players call the little boys who carry their clubs "caddies," and added that what the caddies call the players is quite unfit for repetition.

So far as I am concerned there is an unflinching joy in watching eminent public men when driving or putting. I looked at them on Saturday, and was as much delighted as ever. Let us suppose that some front rank statesman is just about to drive. The ball is placed on the little heap of sand, and the great man begins to make mysterious passes and flourishes with his club. Again and again he seems just about to strike—but no, he pauses and goes through the preliminary performance again. Apparently he mutters strange incantations. He makes curious little movements with his feet; he prances and arches his neck like a war-horse, and, at last he lets fly. Possibly he taps the ball and sends it only about twenty yards. It is then that you begin to understand the full nervous strength of the English language.

Among the right hon. gentleman has to "putt." This is really the most solemn moment in a man's whole career. He measures the distance with his eye, he lies prone to study the undulations of the ground, the most trifling obstacle that the rules allow to be removed is carefully taken away, and then comes the critical moment. The onlookers hold their breath, and birds stop singing, all Nature seems to stand still, and even the caddie is impressed. At last, after a pause which seems to have lasted a week, the desperate man gives the ball a slight tap—it rolls toward the hole, it reaches it, hovers over the edge, runs round the lip, and rests on the green just beyond! And once more you know what language is. On Saturday I heard some remarks from a gentleman who a little more than a week before had been impressing the House of Commons with some noble sentiments about the moral effects of education, and what he said on Saturday startled even the hardened caddie. The sea heard him and fled, and the birds flew shuddering away. I asked an experienced man what would happen if I were to dig such a gentleman in the ribs, just as he was about to putt, and were to say, "My dear sir, never mind about that little ball, just tell me if you think clause IV. should be made mandatory." I was told that within a minute I should be dead.

Two or three years ago I saw a peculiarly melancholy and distressing spectacle at one of these Parliamentary matches. A famous legal luminary, well known alike in the House and in the law courts, was explaining his position. He had played bridge in the train on the way down, and had lost. He had been twice round the course, once in the match and then in the foursome, and had not only been beaten soundly each time, but had also been wet to the skin. And there he stood in the dressing-room explaining that, in addition to all this, he found that some scoundrel had stolen his trousers. He did not dare to put on those which had been soaked by the rain, and it was all too obvious that he had no other pair with him. The pathos of the situation was supreme. It is on occasions such as this that men break their clubs across their knees, or tell the grinning caddie to fling the lot into the river or to bury them in a bunker. Last year I saw a most respectable member of Parliament, who had landed his ball in a bunker, take off his bowler hat, put it on the turf, leap in the air, and come down with both feet on the hat. He said not a word aloud; his lips moved, but I fear not in prayer. Possibly he shared Tennyson's aspiration—

"And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

And it struck me there was more profanity in his deadly silence than there is in many a noisy outburst by a bilked cabman or an irritated bargee.

Not the least interesting part of these annual outings with Parliamentary golfers is the time spent in the special train going down or coming back again. The talk turns entirely on the game and kindred topics. The topics that interest men in a general way—politics, the drama, foreign affairs, Princess Ena's wedding presents, and so on—are not admitted. To the outsider the talk is unintelligible, being carried on in the jargon which is understood only by golfers. On the return journey you can tell at a glance which of the men have been vanquished and which are the victors; and I will say this about the victors—they always agree most magnanimously that the men they have knocked out are magnificent players, and

that they played a remarkably hot game. This shows the right spirit—and incidentally it adds to the credit of the victory.

As to the defeated, their explanations are endless and wonderful. This year I came across a sturdy Ulster member who astounded me, for I knew he had been beaten, and so I said something about his bad luck. He replied: "I had no bad luck, but I had a bad licking." I gazed at him, and then asked if he really meant to say that he had been knocked out by the superior play of the other man, and he actually answered, "Yes." I shook the gentleman by the hand, and explained that I had been waiting for years to hear such a confession, hoping, but never really expecting to do so. The occasion was memorable; it was epoch-making and unique.

As a rule, however, the explanations of defeat show infinite ingenuity. Of course there is the weather and the wind, or a sudden gleam of sun, or the shadow of a cloud, a passing bird, a distant railway whistle—all these and many other excuses have been offered to account for fozzled shots. They are, however, merely the common-places of such talk. Desperate men who have missed a putt have argued learnedly that as the earth is continually revolving on its axis, the hole at which they aim is always moving, and it must have been by forgetting this elementary truth that they have missed. Others point out that the movement of the earth is not steady; indeed a great golfer has declared that, even if you make allowances for the rotation of the earth, you may be no better off, and he adds, "Why is this?" It is because scientifically and seismographically speaking the movement of the earth is jerky. And just as you putted it was resting *reculer pour mieux sauter*, that is to say, it was drawing back to take a better leap.

Again, the defeated golfer will sometimes tell you that he had forgotten to make allowances for the rotundity of the earth, hence he was an inch or two out. There was a man in the train on Saturday night who swore that he knew a case in which it was found by scientific analysis that part of the putting green contained in its composition a large amount of permanganate of potash and another part had too much bichromate of potash, and this made all the difference. The gentleman was advised to study the life history of George Washington, and to compare the difference between the end of the great man and the fate which overtook Ananias. However, I never discourage the gentlemen who talk about golf, for it often happens that their talk is far more interesting than their play.

A Torontonian's Success

MISS BESSIE MARSH AND HER WORK.

SPEAKING of artists in New York (who are working on the new lines laid down by Robert Henri, leader of the "real life" painting of to-day), in a special article, a reporter of the *New York World* says: Mr. Henri stood in the middle of the big grey-walled studio of the class and smiled slowly, a smile of humor and reminiscence. "It is," said he, "the hardest thing in the world to make an art student understand that he does not want academic knowledge, but the knowledge of everyday life as he sees it around him. Students think they must copy to learn. I teach them to copy human nature. I want my class to be artists, not mechanics. Look at this picture, *Sunday Morning*."



MISS BESSIE MARSH.

they all do. After she had been in the class awhile she went to live over on the lower West Side somewhere. Now, this is the kind of stuff she is doing. There is a vigor—an understanding to it. The girl has got a grip on life that will never leave her work. She knows she



"Oh, papa, drop that stupid Emerson! Here's the daintiest new novel. It's the very latest thing in literature and you must read it or you'll get behind the times."
—Life.

must put a meaning into it—it must be more than mere beauty of line and color."

Over in Bessie Marsh's studio there are no signs of the eternal "he and she." The walls are covered with linen, tacked up by herself. Everywhere hang studies of East Side types, women staggering along under loads of sweatshop work, or Italians with huge bundles of wood, children paddling barefoot in the rush of gutter water from an open hydrant, women hanging out over fire-escapes gossiping from court to court, darkened doorways choked with a swarm of babies in arms at nature's free lunch-counter, men playing cards about a table in a back yard at night, by the light of a candle. Strange work for a girl art student to be turning out. Miss Marsh drew the curtain back to let in more light. "Yes, it is a little crowded," she admitted. "But I'm going to put a hammock there when the July nights come. It isn't a bit wrong down here, you know, to sleep out of doors. The life class can't compare with my view from here of that court-yard on a warm night. And this is much better than where we used to live over on Greenwich street, near Perry. There were eight yards there. I got some splendid studies from them, and the surrounding windows. That Sunday morning one was over there, a couple of girls across from my window. They always looked like that Sunday morning. No, I have very few models. I just walk around and keep my eyes open. The minute people down here discover who you are they raise the rent. Sometimes they throw things, too. I had put my easel out on the fire-escape one morning and just got nicely to work on a group of women fighting down in the yard when a ripe tomato struck the drawing board with precision and force. I didn't stop to argue. Mr. Henri is perfectly right. Life is grand and virile, and the only way to get it is to go after it, but when it comes after you it's another story. I never finished the picture of that fight, and it was a lovely one. But, seriously, the moment these people find out that you are not one of them, and are 'making pictures' of them, as they say, the whole thing is spoiled. I always move into a new place as soon as it gets down to a personal question and ripe tomatoes."

Up on one side of the studio wall were some pastel studies of heads, pretty girls with picture hats. Miss Marsh regarded them sadly. "Those are not art. Those are what Mr. Henri calls mush. But those are what sell. We haven't educated editors and art dealers up to New York art yet." Miss Marsh's success in gaining a scholarship in a huge class competition was mentioned two or three weeks ago in *SATURDAY NIGHT*. She is a daughter of Mr. A. H. Marsh of Jarvis street, a clever barrister, and her maternal grandfather was that fine old English gentleman, Chief Justice Proudfoot of Queen's Park. Miss Marsh went to New York to study art a couple of years ago, and her Toronto friends will be glad to know of her excellent progress.

"No beast," said the Latin grammar of our childhood, "is more sagacious than the elephant." But a story from Michigan has raised fearful doubts, and we suspect it will have to be altered to "No beast is as wise as the elephant looks." It is true that Michigan animal had graduated in a circus, but that was no excuse for his "holding up" a train full of people. With ill-timed levity, the great beast filled his trunk with water from a tank and deluged the driver and stoker so that they hurriedly left the cab. An unfortunate spectator was so highly amused at this performance that the elephant gave him a trunkful, with the result that he rolled down an embankment and received fatal injuries. But the elephant did not care; he went on squirting till he had drained the tank.



AT LAST.
She—I think, dearest, I've hooked something at last.—Judge.

Irish Servants Whom I Have Met.

INSTEAD of the familiar "Distinguished Persons Whom I Have Met," a writer in the *Grand Magazine* gives us "Irish Servants Whom I Have Had." Truth compels the statement that the servants are much more enlivening than the big-bugs are. There, for example, was the one called Anastasia, though that was a freak of baptism which was extremely misleading.

"From her first appearance," says the chronicler, "Anastasia seemed oppressed by our speech and manner of address."

"Ye speak that Englist!" she informed me within five minutes of her arrival, "I dunno what in the name of God ye're sayin' to me!" She put out her tongue at me in a friendly fashion, and, as if nothing else mattered in the world, began pounding upstairs with her yellow tin box.

"As she went through the duties of the day she gave herself instructions in a mumbling undertone, whether she was alone or standing near some person who could hear every syllable she said. The bell rang, and she would hurry through the hall muttering, 'Some ould divvie at the door!' My mother called her and she would run past me, whispering distinctly, 'There's the mistress screechin' for me now!'"

"The fairies played a prominent part in her belief. It was lucky to spill milk, she told me, when I once dropped a jugful. 'Them little people will be pleased with the sup ye're lavin' them,' she added."

"The good folk, she told me, were very dainty in their habits, and would not touch anything that was soiled or dirty. 'Me own little nephew in the County Tipperary, a lovely young b'y of three weeks old, was pinin' away,' she said, 'an' the poor mother was distracted to know what was ailin' him, till she called in a woman that had the name o' bein' wise; an' she told me sister the fairies was takin' the child!'"

"An' what'll I do?" said me sister.
"Smear him with dirt," said the woman, "for whatever's anyway dirty the fairies'll lave after 'em!"
"Me sister done that, an' the young child recovered, for when they seen the dirt the fairies let him be."

"I was lately amused by a story of an old Irish nurse with a turn for self-indulgence in the liquid line. She was lately come to the house of a newly married couple to 'care,' as they call it, their first child."

"One evening, after dinner, the young parents stole upstairs to see their precious in its cot. They discovered the old woman nodding over the fire, with the baby dropping from her knees toward the grate. The mother uttered a slight exclamation of alarm, which roused the nurse immediately to a mechanical rocking of the child.
"I tiddle-idlety, tiddle tiddle dum! Ain't ye a beautiful couple—ye're like boy an' gurl!"

"But, nurse," suggested the young mother timidly, "wasn't baby rather near the fire?"

"The old woman closed her eye with a sagacious wink and exclaimed:

"God bless yer innycence, isn't it aisy seen 'tis your first child! Don't you know, ma'am, that heat swells 'em out big?"

Social Reconstruction in England.

THE Reformation, the Revolution, and the Reconstruction are three of the most important circumstances in the history of England; we are at the Reconstruction, says *Truth*. As there is now a new middle-class, so is there rapidly forming a new upper-class, and that is mainly composed of men and women who have had little training for the position they have attained. Money has made them in a moment, and with it they surround themselves with all the luxuries which are suitable to their new condition; they, however, cannot buy a new character, new instincts, and the delicacy of mind which is partly inherited and partly the result of training. The titles are there, so are the wealth, the palaces, the treasures, and the power, but it is generally like putting a shrimp into a seal-skin. Most of the members of the old upper-class in England lived more or less on politics, for it was from Government that they obtained appointments, promotions, and pensions. The members of the new upper-class mostly depend on finance and commerce, and, therefore, their interest in politics is comparatively small, unless they are endeavoring to obtain Government assistance in one direction or the other. As the old upper-class is impoverished, and has parted with its land, this will shift the center of political interest and power—a very important circumstance, and one that will greatly add to the effectiveness of the popular party.

Mr. Basil Tozer, in the May number of the *Author*, protests against the hackneyed similes which prevail in the majority of present-day novels, where, for instance, the young ladies have their hair invariably resembling (1) a raven's wing, (2) burnished copper, (3) burnished gold, with "Cupid's bows" and "dainty shells" doing duty for other features. The matter is undoubtedly urgent, and something must be done to preserve the taste of the romance-reading public. We can but make the sporting offer of a small assortment of figures of speech to the purveyors of this class of literature. Subject to the ordinary wear and tear, they should prove serviceable for the next five publishing seasons at least. We suggest, therefore, that forthcoming heroines should be re-equipped with some of the following embellishments:

Tresses, like (1) the pinion of a rook, (2) peroxide of hydrogen, (3) American "rolled gold."
Mouth, a la Jew's harp, or Venus' fly-trap.
Teeth outlying the morbid growths in an oyster-shell.
Eyes that rival pools of ink, Reckitt's blue, Kentish cobnuts, or dog violets.
Eyebrows stippled with an artist's hand.
Ears, like (a) the half of a bivalve, (b) a periwinkle.
Forehead, smooth as celluloid or a hard-boiled egg.
Complexion, dazzling as the finest pearl-powder salts of bismuth.—*Punch*.

The Ontario Historical Society, of which Mr. David Boyle is secretary, will hold its annual meeting in Collingwood on Thursday and Friday, July 19 and 20, on the invitation of the Huron Institute, of which Mr. G. W. Bruce, B.A., is president. Mr. C. C. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, will read a paper on "The Downfall of the Hurons." Mr. John Birnie, K.C., on "The Last Stand of the Hurons." Mr. G. K. Mills, B.A., on "The Nottawasaga Trail." Mr. G. W. Bruce, B.A., on "The Petun Indians." Papers will also be read by Miss Muriel Merrill and by Mr. George Hughes Hale, editor of the *Orillia Packet*. Chief Jeremiah Monague of the Christian Island band of Objivi will address the members of the society when they visit his island on the 20th. Appropriately, for an historical society, the trip to Christian Island will be made on that historic boat, the *Minnie M*.



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New York Letter

WHATEVER the result of Maxim Gorki's visit to this country may be, he will at least bring home to all who are fortunate enough to hear him, the reality of the Russian revolution. In like manner, we will get a clearer impression of the temper of the people behind the movement. We have for so long seen the flames of revolt break out from distant corners of the vast empire, only to be quenched again in blood, that the impotence of the revolutionary party and the futility of their struggle have become fixed impressions in most of our minds. But in reaching this conclusion we have not done justice to the steadfastness of purpose of the Russian people, says Gorki, nor to the capacity for organization which future events will prove they possess.

The subject of Gorki's address, which he delivered in Carnegie Hall the other night, and which marked his first public appearance in behalf of the patriot cause, was "The Czar, the Douma, the People." He spoke in Russian, and at the end of each division, an English transcript was read. The audience was so overwhelmingly Russian, however, that the re-reading benefited only a very small percentage, and must have proved somewhat tiresome to those who had followed it in the original.

There was nothing sensational or the least yellow in what we heard, nor in the manner of its delivery. The lecturer was calm and dignified, supporting his statements with facts and argument, and far too dead in earnest for any rhetorical clap-trap. His claim to eloquence, if any, is in the simple directness of his utterance, the same quality that appeals so singularly in his writings. In appearance he is tall and slight, with what the novelists would describe a wealth of fair hair, cut in a long pompadour, through which his long fingers frequently stray. He wears the native Russian costume, consisting in a long blouse, belted and left full in the back, and this garb, sable as Hamlet's, seems to heighten the refined pallor of his face. He has a frank, open countenance, with only a slight suggestion of that stolidity common to the type, and this is more than redeemed by the intellectual brow and a swift, penetrating eye.

Gorki, whose utterances may be regarded as official, will be satisfied with a constitutional monarchy, such as England. His American supporters, however, among whom was Professor Giddings of Columbia, could, of course, conceive no adequate form of political liberty short of a republic. In fact, from all we heard, it would seem that the American constitution had cornered the market in political liberty. An assumption rather amusing when we remember that the battle of constitutional liberty was fought and won long before this lusty republic was dreamed of, and that political liberty has found its highest expression under monarchical institutions.

Russia has been somewhat the fore in art interests here this past season, particularly in the world of music and drama. Lhevinne, who appeared in two concerts, proved himself one of the world's really great pianists, and the Russian Symphony Society, now recognized as one of New York's leading musical organizations, has, in a series of concerts, been unfolding the treasures of Russian composers.

In a repertoire of classical and modern drama we have had Orloff, Mme. Nasamoff, and a company of Russian players, at whose feet any American actor or company of actors I know, might sit and learn much of the art of acting. Their efforts were not liberally patronized, however, and it is doubtful if this really gifted organization will establish itself here as intended.

Last week was a week of parades. On Memorial Day, as it is now known, the veterans of the Civil, Spanish, and other wars, escorted by the various city regiments and branches of the regular service, marched, some fifty thousand strong, to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, on Riverside Drive, where they were reviewed by General Chaffee of Cuban war celebrity. The veteran ranks have thinned visibly since a year ago, some of the posts mustering little more than a corporal's guard. And this will doubtless prove the last muster of hundreds more. Many are still erect and firm, but others are merely doubtful examples in longevity, almost as worn and tattered as the ensigns they carry. It is a very democratic, sociable parade, this of the "old boys," in spite of its semi-military character. From one of the grand stands by the way you will frequently hear a familiar "Hello, Bill!" to which some toothless old veteran in the ranks will wave his hat in happy response.

Of quite another character is the annual police parade, which took place on Saturday last, with five thousand of the "Finest," or one-third the total strength of the force, in line. Whatever his shortcomings, his sins of omission and commission, his reputation for graft and worse, the "bobby" holds a warm place in



"PRIMA FACIE."

Magistrate—The evidence shows that you threw a stone at this man. Mrs. O'Hooligan—Faith, then, the looks o' the baste shows better 'n that, yer Honor. They shows I t' it!

the people's hearts, and the annual parade is his testimonial of that fact. The line of march was old Broadway, from the Battery to Forty-second street, returning by way of Fifth avenue to Madison square, where the reviewing stand had been built. The fine military appearance of the force was freely commented upon, this year's parade, thanks to the well-known military proclivities of the present commissioner, General Bingham, excelling all former ones in this respect. Mayor McClellan, who reviewed the parade and presented the medals for conspicuous bravery, was in a particularly jovial mood and surveyed the lines admiringly, frequently leaning over the railing to chaff the men as they passed.

Art circles have been considerably exercised for a week past over the "restoration" of old masters, which Mr. Roger E. Fry, the curator of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, has been conducting in that institution. The subject of particular provocation is the famous Rubens "Holy Family," which has been brought out of the twilight and "golden glow" of the centuries into the broad light of our own garish day. In the estimation of some the picture as it now stands is little better than a faithful reproduction without any of the mellowness of the original we had known. Laymen, of course, will hardly walk where artists tread, if not with misgiving, with very divided opinion on the value of "age tones." But whether as a matter of education we should see Rubens, or any other old master, as he actually left his work or as time has modified it, seems reasonably debatable. Time has no doubt favored much of the work we are taught to admire, and to destroy its beneficent handiwork, will not add in many cases to our artistic enjoyment. To argue, however, that age gives a real negotiable value to a picture in the sense that it improves wine, and that this is lost when its effects are removed, is to put a premium on antiquity and durable pigment rather than on the original creative art.

While the celebrated Kann collection is still an unsettled possibility, it is interesting to note that the Metropolitan has just acquired the famous Whistler nocturne, generally known as "The Falling Rocket." This is the picture that gave rise to the Whistler versus Ruskin libel suit, growing out of the latter's characterization of the work as "a pot of paint flung in the face of the public." But this is not the only art opinion which the somewhat irascible critic and author of "Modern Painters" had to revise.

Interest in the dramatic season has been somewhat revived by the Southern-Marlowe season of Shakespeare at the Academy, which, belated as it is, has proved a pronounced success in every way. In contemplation, too, we have had Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who comes to the Lyric this week in three farewell performances to America. With this important engagement the dramatic season of 1905-06 will end. On Tuesday and Wednesday nights Mme. Bernhardt will appear in a composite bill made up of the second act from each of "Hamlet," "L'Aiglon," and "Frou-Frou," and the fourth act of "La Sorcière." For the matinee performance "Camille" will be the offering.

Careless.

The building contractor, though a just and decent man, was scrupulously particular about all his employees giving a strict account of all the tools, nails, screws, etc., that they received. If a man had a dozen screws, say, and could only account for the use

of ten, there would be trouble until the missing two were forthcoming. Hammer in one hand, and nails in the other, a workman was walking along a narrow plank, which ran alongside a bridge in course of erection. Suddenly he lost his footing and fell into the river. When he was hauled out it was seen that he still faithfully grasped the hammer. "I've got the hammer, sir," he said proudly, to the contractor, who stood glaring at the dripping man. "Yes," he groaned, "I see you've got the hammer safe enough, but where in thunder are all them nails?"

Before Her Father.

He stood before her father when The day was at its close, And in his pocket there and then He had a withered rose. A once red rose that she possessed Ere, yielding to his prayer, She took it from her gentle breast And gave it to his care.

He stood before her father who Was old and gray and grim; He longed to speak a word or two, But words deserted him. Before her father, grim and grey, Her red rose he forgot And thrice made up his mind to say The words he uttered not.

He stood there while her father sat At ease and saw him cling With one hand to the soiled strap that Was not a restful thing; His feet were sore, his look was sad, He longed for space to sit, But lacked the nerve to ask her dad To move along a bit.

—S. E. Kiser.

His Object.

For at least half an hour the visitor had noticed the old farmer fishing. Not once had the fisherman drawn his hook from the water. And the more the visitor looked the more he wondered, as the shallow stream seemed as likely to yield fish as a bucket of water.

"Are there any fish in there?" the visitor at length asked. "Fish! No; not likely," replied the old man, with a contemptuous sniff. "Then what is your object in remaining here, my man?"

"My only object, sir, is to show my wife that I ain't got no time to hoe potatoes."

Did Very Well.

"The Van Swellers were going to make their wedding trip in an auto." "They did! They got a little more than halfway from the house to the nearest garage!"—Spectator.

The Pope on Dress.

Stories multiply of Pope Pius' democracy. Visitors are received with great simplicity. As soon as one enters he causes him to be seated in an armchair, by his side, chats, laughs and relates anecdotes and stories. The other day the Pope, while receiving some ladies, remarked that they had trains to their skirts. "This is not hygienic," said he; "one gathers thus in the streets a quantity of microbes and other things. As to myself, when they compel me to add a train to my cassock it bothers me much, although there are four prelates to uphold it."

"But, holy father," said one of the visitors, "we hold up our trains when in the streets." "That must be very convenient," replied Pius X.; and passing from word to action the Pope made several turns in the room holding up his robe in mimicry of a fine lady.—Chicago "Journal."

STORIES TOLD OF ROYALTIES

THE fierce light that beats upon the throne reveals little of the life of the children of Royalty to the gaze of the public, even when they are some day to occupy the seats of authority (says a writer in an American paper). The faces of Royal children are better known than their lives. The portrait of a child or youth who has risen to power, and whose features as a ruler have become familiar, is interesting, for from it one can study the elemental characteristics before they have been hidden by the impress of the artificial life of Royalty.

Nicholas II., the present Czar of Russia, when a boy was very shy. His father tried to teach him that war was horrible. It is said that the walls of the room in which he studied were covered with prints taken from newspapers illustrating the chief battles of the Russo-Turkish War. His father, who became Czar in 1883, under the title of Alexander III., used to tell his children about this war, in which he had participated, and conclude with the words: "Boys, war is dreadful, horrible, beastly! May God ever keep you from seeing it or from drawing a sword!" Nicholas has learned something about the horror of war!

A story is told of Nicholas when he put on his first military uniform. This was on July 30th, 1876, when he was about eight years old. His uniform was that of an officer of the big Pavlovsky Guard. On that day the old Emperor, Alexander II., took him by the hand and led him to where the guard was drawn up ready for maneuvers. He was placed at the head of one of the crack companies. Receiving the order to attack, he drew his miniature sword, and, flourishing it in the air before the big men, half frightened, shouted "Hurrah!" and led the charge. The company, knowing only to follow where they were led, dashed across the field directly for the Imperial tent. They were about to take it by storm, when the Czar, seeing the predicament, personally gave the order to halt.

This story is told about Emperor William of Germany when he was a boy. It was a source of much pleasure to the little Prince that the sentinels had to present arms to him—so much so, indeed, that he sometimes did not wait till he was fully dressed, but hastened down into the court to receive the military honors which he loved so well. Great was his surprise one day when the sentinels took absolutely no notice of him. Burning with indignation, he rushed to his father and told him this terrible fact with the utmost excitement. His father listened with sympathy, looked at him keenly, and then asked in a tone clearly expressive of doubt: "Your dress is in perfect order, I hope, before you show yourself in public?"

William blushed and answered, "No." "No sentinel is permitted to render the due honors to a Prince who is not dressed entirely as prescribed," calmly said, "Unser Fritz," his father. Prince William left the room, and since then no sentinel has ever seen him dressed otherwise than "entirely as prescribed."

When at Bonn, at the age of eighteen, Prince William did not permit the fact that he was a future Emperor to interfere too much with having a good time.

It was at the age of eighteen that Francis Joseph, son of an Archduke, ascended the throne of Austria. He was then a gay and light-hearted youth, who had had a taste of war. On that morning when his father told him that he was to be the new Emperor he is said to have remarked, "Good-bye to the days of my youth!" While the eyes of the youthful Emperor perhaps were not able to see a great distance into the future, yet his words were in a measure prophetic. The joyousness of youth was to be drowned in sorrow, and he was to become known as "Francis Joseph the Unlucky."

In the course of the years that followed, his wife, Empress Elizabeth, was assassinated; his brother, Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, was executed; his son, Crown Prince Rudolph, committed suicide at Mayerling; his wife's sister, the Duchess d'Alencon, was burned to death in the Charity Bazaar fire at Paris; and an unsuccessful attempt was made on his own life by an anarchist.

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Steamers leave Toronto 4:30 p.m., Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, for Port Hope, Cobourg, Bay of Quinte, Kingston, 1,000 Islands, Brockville, Prescott, Montreal, and intermediate ports.

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LIGHT and AIRY

Tourist cars on the Union Pacific are clean and light and airy. Overcrowding in them is a condition that is absolutely avoided. The seats are upholstered in rattan, and at night the berths hang with heavy curtains. Bevel plate glass windows ornament the sides of the cars; the wide vestibules are enclosed and traveling is made altogether comfortable.

If you cross the continent in one of the tourist sleepers of the Union Pacific you will enjoy your trip and save considerable money.

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J. O. GOODELL, T.P.A., 2 F. R. CHATEL, G.A.,
14 James Building, 11 Fort St.
TORONTO, CANADA. DETROIT, MICH.



Lady Gay's Column

GRATEFUL innovation struck me one day recently, when travelling by a G. T. R. train, an innovation some two years old, but not brought under my notice previously.

A little buff leaflet advises passengers de luxe that a tidy, small library is at their service, free, gratis, for nothing, on application to the porter, who carries the key of the book-case. The Book-lovers' Library has my thanks for supplying me with a book I much desired to look over, and which filled a two-hours' journey with interest, and their installation of the little libraries in the parlor cars is one of the refined courtesies which lighten the bore of travel over a too well known route. However well known, the aforesaid route is superlatively lovely to a nature-lover this month, when the fruit orchard of Canada has settled down to its summer business and the vines are gracefully upholding the tiny green things that will be wine in October. Even the book which chained my interest could not keep my eyes from the sweet feast of green outside, a restful, abundant, promising verdure that contents the soul.

It is just about the right time of year for that German wiseacre to spring the information upon a sweltering world that the Garden of Eden, or wherever we "first began," was situated round about the North Pole, and that Captain Bernier and the rest of the enthusiasts of his sort, from Sir John Franklin down, have been only obeying an orthodox and natural instinct, however unbeknown to themselves, in their pilgrimages of discovery. Anyone who has eaten fish straight from the Arctic current to the frying-pan, or, more properly, boiling-pot, has a great appreciation of the merits of that chilling element as a home for the most delicious specimens of the finny tribe. Anyone who has seen the real Aurora Borealis, away up North, knows that for splendor and beauty it transcends any spectacle of any other zone. It is, says the German professor, the real flaming sword which guards Eden from Franklins and Berniers. As a welcome subject for midsummer meditation, one embraces the idea with a gasp of relief. Let the mercury soar, but we will consider our new Eden and keep comparatively cool in the contemplation.

While an Englishman was taking tea with me the other day, another friend gave him a terrible character as a "knocker" of the deepest dye. "Nothing suits him over here. Everything is wrong," said the friend reproachfully. "The food is horrible, the hotel service faulty, the comforts of home not understood, the drinks unwholesome, and the weather vile. He's got a cold, and a grouchy high—nothing's any good in Canada." The ruddy-faced John Bull drank his tea silently, then he vouchsafed four words. "This tea is good." We all beamed upon his verdict. "But tell me honestly," I begged, unwilling to take so dour a character of so jolly-looking a visitor, "Have you not found anything that pleases you in Canada?" Then did his blue eyes twinkle, and his big hand raise the little teacup for a W.C.T.U. toast. "Here's to the two greatest things in Canada, her women and her waterways, the finest in the world!" he cried; and do you wonder that we gave him free leave to "knock" everything else, forever and ever?

Good going daily. Proportionate rates from other points.

Full information at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

WABASH SYSTEM

SPECIAL EXCURSIONS TO
PACIFIC COAST AND
COLORADO,
JUNE AND JULY.

June 17th to 21st inclusive, the Wabash will sell round-trip tickets from all stations to Portland, Oregon; Tacoma; Seattle; Washington; Victoria; and Vancouver, B.C., at rate of single first-class fare, plus \$1.00, good for sixty days.

June 24th to July 6th, round trip tickets will be sold to San Francisco, Cal., at single first-class fare to Chicago, added to \$64.50 from Chicago, good until September 15th.

July 11th to 14th round trip tickets will be sold from all Wabash stations to Denver, Colorado, good until August 20th. The rate will be much less than lowest one-way rate, going and returning via all direct routes.

Full particulars for above excursions. Address J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

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and EASTERN RESORTS
FOR VACATION OR WEDDING TRIPS.

TADOUSSAC \$25.50
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NORTH SYDNEY 42.50
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Good going daily. Proportionate rates from other points.

Full information at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.



TO ST. ANDREWS BY-THA-SEA THIS SUMMER

A most delightful seashore resort in New Brunswick, on the borders of Maine. The sea on three sides. Boating, fishing, bathing, etc., and fine golf links.

"THE ALGONQUIN"
C.P.R. Hotel, a modern and comfortable house; rates moderate. Easily reached by fast trains of C.P.R.

Let us send you "St. Andrews" booklet—free for the asking.
C. B. FOSTER,
District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

Canadian Northern Railway.

Through daily passenger service between Port Arthur and Winnipeg, making connection at Winnipeg for main line points to Edmonton.

Through sleepers daily between Port Arthur and Edmonton, also between Winnipeg and Prince Albert.

Connections made at Port Arthur with steamers of the Northern Navigation Company and Canadian Pacific Steamship Company.

Through tickets can be obtained from all railway agents.

GEO. H. SHAW, T. M., Winnipeg.
WM. PHILLIPS, G.E.A., Toronto.

one for this fad of recalling in public the sad fact that on this day so many years ago one was bereaved. The only benefit derived from the notice is to the newspapers, which, of course, rake in another fee.

LADY GAY.

Dream Faces.

I miss you from my side this lonely night,
And feel that nothing new on earth is true.

For old sweet pictures in the mellow light
Give to me the happy past—and you,

Just as of old.

I wish that you would steal behind my chair
And press your fingers to my weary eyes;

And when, surprised, I found you laughing there
You'd lay your dear head down,

Just as of old.

And as the firelight flickered on your hair,
Till each bright tress was like a skein of gold,

I'd give the world, if smiling, resting there,
You'd whisper low, "I love you," as

Just as of old.



The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

T. H. A.—Have you found your mine yet? I have by me on the desk a bit of Cobalt silver ore—as near as I have come to owning a mine. August 24th brings you under Virgo, an earth sign. You should be fortunate in your delving, I fancy. Your writing is original, and rather over-conscious and careful. Don't be afraid to launch out, my lad! It looks as if you had not a huge amount of faith either in yourself or your neighbor. Good sequence of ideas and a talent for something constructive and artistic are shown. You are generous and thoughtful, lack quick and prompt decision, have warm affections, some ambition, and a certain attractiveness in the way you put things, apart from any finish of style or manner. All success to you.

Vivia—A nature at war with itself. First of all you need the calm and joyous assurance, not that "God's in His Heaven," as Browning puts it—that's a far too remote locality—but that the great force of the universe is within you, that self-deprecation, such as you indulge in, is a rank insult to your divine part. You are so worthy, so good, so well worth while, you see! Your writing is forceful, but absolutely untrained and undisciplined. I am afraid you're neglecting the very beginning of culture. Why be shy and sensitive, otherwise unhealthy egotistic? Stop thinking of yourself and of other folks' opinion of you. You want to earn your living? Well, qualify yourself by harmonizing your inner nature. The world is a dear, good world, and no one who is in harmony need fear going out into it. Our real world is ourselves. Conquer that and no other will annoy us.

Walepi—Neither originality nor quickness of discernment is marked in your writing, which is of the placid conventional type, open to influence and leaning to sentiment and the quiet ways of life. You have excellent and logical outlook and a caution which is more than a virtue. The snap and decision necessary are not yet yours, but time may bring them; you are young yet. January isn't a particularly precocious month anyway, and you have many of its strongest traits. You are hopeful, good-tempered, very careful and finished in achievement, and particular about detail. But your writing is not yet fully developed.

Anna—Please read and ponder answer to Vivia. Such a jaundiced view as you put up is deadly indeed. To really love the pure, the good, and the true, means such a sweet and healthy nature that its possessor is enviable by nine out of ten others. Your birthday brings you under Aries, a splendid sign. Whatever makes your life one long disappointment? Have you set your mind on the moon? Why, you ask, are our lives the reverse of what we would like them to be? Well, mine isn't; in fact, it's pretty decent, and I dare say, if you only made up your mind to it, yours would not be so calamitous. Get up and get out of your fog, good lady. The sun is yet shining on the hills. Write again, and tell me how you're living away off there!

Ambition—Your writing is full of

capable energy and quick, nervous force, with a good deal of enterprise, logical thought, adaptability, and a reasonable amount of affection. You have strong opinions, feelings, prejudices, and very little nonsense about you. It really wouldn't spoil you if you had a little more. There is a streak of pessimism and decided aversion to giving your confidence indiscriminately. A saving sense of humor is yours, and a personality which will always make its way.

Quebec—Your couponless letter probably went into the W. P. B. You are a very self-assertive, reliant, and matter-of-fact person, with perseverance, loquacity, not a bit of discretion, but plenty of force. You lack culture and graciousness, and are innocent of diplomacy. Ambition is rampant, but you are too careless to achieve what costs labor and patience. April 11th brings you under Aries, a sign whose many splendid possibilities you would do well to begin to justify and develop. It isn't a thoroughly mature study, and I'd rather wait a bit on it.

Appollonia—Help! Police! How dare you ask me if I believe in fatalism and predestination? It's enough to give one a relapse. And "The House of Mirth," that sordid, uninspired, and tiresome true story of a materialistic woman, too? Booh! you go away until next week. Then I'll tackle you in great shape. Perhaps I'll hear from you again ere then. You and Das Madchen, same date, same place, and same old story about the unlucky thirteenth. Oh, won't I just do things to you when I feel a bit stronger!

Sis Hopkins—April 24th frees you from the April sign, and brings you under Taurus, an earth sign, and one likely to inspire your remark, "Were you not foolish in not limiting it to six lines?" Not at all. Twelve lines is better than six as a study, six being really far too little. One seldom makes more than two or three capitals in that number, and I have to rely on heading, date, and address for capitals. As to "all the rot" I must read, well, you wrote two pages, you know. Your writing seems to suggest that your conversation might be more for sound than sense. There is play of fancy, but not deep thought therein. You are fond of social intercourse, a chatty and pleasant companion, careful and even in your method, hopeful, not given to sentiment or easily appealed to through it. There is lack of inspiration, practical bent, some sense of values, and decided plausibility in your lines. You may dream, but your dreams aren't likely to come true.

Different.

"What are you looking so sad about?"
"You knew that I was married, didn't you?"
"Yes, but I thought you were devotedly in love with your wife."
"I am, but you knew that I eloped with my wife and that her mother and father have been searching for us ever since?"

"Whew! You don't mean to say that they have discovered your whereabouts?"

"Yes."
"And are trying to separate you and your wife?"
"No, they are going to live with us."—Houston "Post."

BUILDING FOOD

To Bring the Babies Around.

When a little human machine (or a large one) goes wrong, nothing is so important as the selection of food to bring it around again.

"My little baby boy fifteen months old had pneumonia, then came brain fever, and no sooner had he got over these than he began to cut teeth and, being so weak, he was frequently thrown into convulsions," says a Colorado mother.

"I decided a change might help, so took him to Kansas City for a visit. When we got there he was so very weak when he would cry he would sink away and seemed like he would die."

"When I reached my sister's home she said immediately that we must feed him Grape-Nuts and, although I had never used the food, we got some and for a few days gave him just the juice of Grape-Nuts and milk. He got stronger so quickly we were soon feeding him the Grape-Nuts itself and in a wonderfully short time he fattened right up and became strong and well."

"That showed me something worth knowing and, when later on my girl came, I raised her on Grape-Nuts and she is a strong healthy baby and has been. You will see from the little photograph I send you what a strong, chubby youngster the boy is now, but he didn't look anything like that before we found this nourishing food. Grape-Nuts nourished him back to strength when he was so weak he couldn't keep any other food on his stomach." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

All children can be built to a more sturdy and healthy condition upon Grape-Nuts and cream. The food contains the elements nature demands, from which to make the soft grey filling in the nerve centers and brain. A well-fed brain and strong, sturdy nerves absolutely insure a healthy body.

Look in packages for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Especially For Women

FRUIT-A-TIVES are the finest medicine in the world for women.

As a mild and gentle laxative—as a positive and speedy cure for Constipation and Biliousness—as the only cure for weak and irritated kidneys and especially for "that pain in the back"—as a positive cure for headaches—and as a general tonic to build up and invigorate the whole system—FRUIT-A-TIVES stand supreme.

In cases of irritated Ovaries, Ovarian Pains, Vaginal Catarrh, Excessive and Scanty Menstruation, Ulcerations, Bearing Down Pains—and all those troubles peculiar to women—

Fruit-a-tives

OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS"

have the most remarkable effect. Ninety-nine cases out of a hundred of Female Troubles are due to neglect. Bowels become constipated—kidneys irregular—skin neglected—and the poisons of the body, which should be carried off by these important organs, are taken up by the blood carried to the female organs and poison them, thus starting up a train of female troubles.

FRUIT-A-TIVES are made from fruits and by their remarkable action on bowels, kidneys and skin, rid the system of poisons, purify the blood, and restore the delicate organs of generation to new vigor and health.

No woman, who suffers, should ever be without them. For a box—6 for \$2.50, at your druggist's or sent postpaid by FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED - OTTAWA.

CLARK'S VEAL LOAF



CLARK'S
Ready Lunch
Veal Loaf

made from carefully selected veal, eggs and savoury herbs and then perfectly cooked—most appetizing—can be sliced thin as wafers for sandwiches.

WM. CLARK, M.F.I.
MONTREAL

KENNEDY Shorthand School

A school for the discriminating who prefer a better course of training with more congenial associations than are obtainable in business colleges.

Interesting literature free on application. Personal inspection cordially solicited.

9 Adelaide Street East
Toronto

The Royal Muskoka.

Music-lovers of Toronto will be interested in the announcement that Mr. Herman Schultz, the cellist, who has been favorably known here for several years, will again have charge of the music at the Royal Muskoka this summer, which is a guarantee of music of the highest class. Muskoka is becoming very popular among Torontonians, and as the summer promises to be a hot one, doubtless, with the initiation of the Grand Trunk service to Muskoka on the 16th of the month, the Muskoka fever will commence to manifest itself in Toronto. Mr. Schultz promises a number of special concerts and much interesting new music, besides the regular Sunday night sacred concerts, which have always been so popular. The Royal Muskoka will open June 23, under the management of Mr. L. M. Boomer, who is well known in Toronto. The advance bookings in Toronto are very heavy.

Summer Outings.

"Routes and Fares for Summer Tours" is the title of a book issued by the Grand Trunk Railway System, which is full of interest to the summer tourist who is planning a summer outing for 1906. In addition to general information, the contents contain particulars of different routes and fares to points in all parts of the country and cover the principal resorts reached by the lines of the Grand Trunk and its connections. It contains a fund of information that will be of great help to those who have not yet decided where to spend their holidays. The book also contains a series of maps for reference. Write to-day for a copy to, J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, Union Station, Toronto.

A VISIT TO THE PHRENOLOGIST

It is extremely touching and not a little instructive to notice the extreme interest that people take in themselves. Never is a conversation so congested, never is politeness so strained in order to avoid too point-blank interruption, as when two or more individuals are busy discussing their own particular characteristics, good, bad, or indifferent. Judge, then, of the joyful experience involved in a visit to a phrenologist!

This is the occasion when you really get your chance, not only to talk about your character, its strong and uncalculated capacities, what one could do if only half a chance was vouchsafed by hard fate—not only this bliss, I say, but actually to hear some one else discussing this wonderful character, doing it in an authoritative and thoroughly capable way, into the bargain. You feel that now you have a respectable backing for your opinion that, in some directions at all events, you are a trifle out of the ordinary. Here is a person perfectly disinterested (to the extent of five dollars excepted, any way), who feels your bumps, measures your head with a tape-line, looks you square in the eye, pauses an impressive moment, and then announces, "You have a splendid head." You try to look unconcerned, as if he was not by any means the first person to acquaint you with this fact, but you cannot help blushing a bit, and looking as if you had had an idea of the true state of affairs all along, but had been too modest, or had found the public too unresponsive, to force the matter upon the world. Anyway, there is no longer any doubt about it now, that is the great point to dwell on.

AFTER you have digested this somewhat, the discerning man goes on to give you new delight. He points out virtues you had not even guessed were in your make-up. It makes a pleasant warmth of generosity stir round about your heart regions to learn that you must restrain your benevolence, the bump of which you have in an abnormal degree. Just fancy! And this is the first time you have ever been told so. Certainly this is an ungrateful world. Why, you might have gone on being a perfect monster of generosity all your life, and no one observant enough to see what you really were, and give you a friendly warning! Ah well, it is never too late to mend, and you are warned now.

Your sympathy, too! Yes, indeed, you suffer from it, actively. The sorrows of others oppress you, you really ought, for your own good, and for the sake of the shape of your head, to moderate that bump in some way. You must become more self-centered, less given up to other people. (Just about here your shoulders itch—can it be that it is your wings sprouting?)

Artistic ability—why you could sing! Of course the good professor does not happen to know that you have neither an ear for music, nor a voice. After all he only reads the head. But, as he gently prattles on, you feel the conviction growing that you might have been able to sing, had you been properly encouraged. If your family had only been willing to listen to you and applaud a little when you tried to warble a tune once, long, long ago, instead of going into fits of laughter, and inquiring, with horrid, ill-bred grins, whether you were essaying the classic melody which caused the untimely decease of the ancient cow. Ah! you feel like a prima donna suddenly deprived of her voice by an unkind fate.

POSSIBILITIES go mounting up, and your regret about your musical career is not allowed to occupy your whole attention for long. Why should it, when you might have done quite as well as an artist, or even an orator! It is surprising to learn all these things from a stranger, even if it is his profession. What have your friends, your associates, your family, the teachers of your youth, been about? Are they all blind as bats, to allow such talents to go to waste, wilful, woeful, wanton waste? The professor hastily informs you that yours is a character extraordinarily susceptible to the malady of being misunderstood. How romantic that sounds! You feel somewhat comforted, and once more prepare to hearken unto the tale of your virtues. Alas! who has not been misunderstood?

On and on they go, until you really fear that so much goodness, so much talent, so many transcendent qualities must surely be missed by the angelic hosts who presumably populate heaven. Your time must soon be at hand unless a fault or two be discovered to chain you, unresisting, to this world of sin.

The faults are forthcoming, but at the best they are negative virtues. You lack confidence, you are over-modest, you are too retiring—and so on. Unworldly to be sure, but how attractive! Makes one think of the modest violet, and all sorts of poetical things—"born to blush unseen" un-

der the weight of all these talents, capabilities, and goodnesses.

BUT even five dollars will not make a man talk about you for an unlimited time; at last, by the interrupted flow of gentle language from the learned lips, you are made aware that the reading is over, and you blushing rise from your chair—satisfied?—well, no, not even satisfied, but—shall we say—appeased, for the time being, at any rate. One lasting comfort and consolation is the fact that, as the gentleman talked, he jotted down your most obtrusive virtues and gifts, and you know, too, where to lay your hands on their respective horns, as the extremely bumpy bumps might almost be called. You will have a fine chance with your friends now. With a phrenological chart and your own head to back you, you ought to be able not only to make a noise, but to carry conviction, or a fairly good imitation of it, into the hearts and minds of your long-suffering hearers.

M. F.

Toronto, June 12.

The Reason.

[Humorists are humorists because they are sad.—The "Sketch."]

Attribute not to overflowing glee

The sparkling ebullitions of my wit, Nor, when you smile, think you behold in me

The proof that spirits and expressions fit

Experience tells

That cap and bells

Show not hilarity, but lack of it.

So, if I set the table in a roar

By dextrously manipulating truth,

Or putting vehicles their steeds before,

Or proving culture more and more uncouth,

Pray recognize

The secret lies

Within a troublesome and hollow tooth.

If joy of living bubbles from my lips,

As if for Care I did not care a pin,

And, were a prize held out for merry quips,

There could not be a question who would win,

Then may you know

The bills I owe,

And have no chance to pay, are dropping in.

And if you scan this unpretending ode,

And find it haply suited to your mind,

Think not the metal on the anvil glowed

As in the forge of wit it was refined;

But seek its cause

In Nature's laws—

And know some other verse has been declined.

—London "Tribune."

MILADI AS CHAUFFEUSE.

The Electric Auto is the Woman's Own Vehicle for Everyday Use.

The dictum of fashion which last year approved the electric automobile as notably the vehicle for women's everyday use seems to gain wider acceptance daily in Toronto, just as it has in so many American cities. Womanhood has taken up the electric auto in real earnest, and not as a fashionable fad so much as because the reasons which commend this compact and manageable means of locomotion are reasons which appeal with special force to a woman.

With an electric automobile at her service, any woman is quite independent of the often harassing cares which attended her reliance upon the horse and carriage. When miladi is ready to go shopping, or calling, or for a run about country roads, she steps into her electric, pushes a lever, and is away—it is as simple as that. The electric auto never is lame at awkward moments. It calls for no expensive and recurring outlay for liveries, for wages, for stable bills. It is ready when it is wanted; and it is perfectly at one's service, though one does not know a clutch from a carburetor.

Best of all, the electric is not merely perfectly manageable—easier to operate than for one to drive the steadiest of horses—but its motion is silent motion, noiseless, swift or slow as one chooses, and controllable even in crowded streets or narrow roads.

Then, too, the cost of an electric automobile is no severe tax on one's purse; nor its maintenance a drain on one's resources. The running cost per mile is trifling; the batteries can be recharged anywhere there is electric light; and the wear and tear on these handy, sensible and fashionable little cars is so slight as to be practically a negligible quantity.

Commerce and Literature.

"Do you think that a commercial career is to be compared to a literary career?" asked the high-browed and melancholy youth.

"My boy," said Mr. Cumrox, "in business you can write your name on a piece of paper no bigger than a postal card and make it worth thousands of dollars. In literature you can write up reams of paper without making it worth fifty cents."—Washington "Star."

Efforts of the Humorists.

Princess Ena's wedding cake weighed 336 pounds. That would seem to be about the average weight of wedding cakes, as anyone who has eaten a piece can testify.—Montreal "Star."

Mr. Justwed—It's so sweet of you to agree that we must economize. But do you think you can get along without a cook?

Mrs. Justwed—Oh, yes. We'll have all our meals sent in by a caterer.—Cleveland "Leader."

Mary—Did she make a good match? Ann—Splendid. Lots of money, good social position, and all that. In fact, the only drawback is the man.—Brooklyn "Life."

Suburbanite (to visitor)—O, how are you? Come right in. Don't mind the dog.

Visitor—But won't he bite? Suburbanite—That's just what I want to see. I only bought that watch dog this morning.—Translated from "La Rire."

Alice—Mamma, I'm going upon the quarter deck.

Mrs. Newrich—No, no, child; nothing so cheap—go on the dollar deck.—Boston "Transcript."

Miranda—I don't care if he does own an auto and a steam yacht, I won't marry him! Why, he's a regular flat.

Mrs. Matchmaker—Yes, dear, but flats with all the modern improvements are very desirable.—"Life."

Chappy—I tell you when I read about some of Edison's wonderful inventions, it makes me think a little.

Miss Cutlery—Yes, isn't it remarkable what electricity can do?—"Puck."

"Would you call Offenberga a conceited man?"

"Conceited? Why, when Offenberga has a headache he thinks its throbs are registered on the seismographs in Japan."—"Life."

"Yes," said the old mule, "exercise is a good thing. I always believed in it, but not on the towpath."

"Ah!" remarked his bright young grandson, with a self-appreciative heehaw, "that was where you drew the line, eh?"—"Catholic Standard."

"Yes, she made a name for herself."

"In what way?"

"Why, she used to be Ellen Cummins Brown. Now she is Aileen Cumyns Browne."—Cleveland "Plain Dealer."

Piggmus—I'm glad it is good form not to wear a watch with a dress suit.

Dismukes—Why?

Piggmus—Because I never have both at the same time.—"American Spectator."

"Maria, we'll have to give up that summer trip. My account at the bank is already overdrawn." "Oh, John, you are such a wretched financier! Why didn't you put your account in a bank that had plenty of money?"—Chicago "Tribune."

Of all sad words
With which we're hit,
The worst are: "Dear
Sir: Please remit."
—Milwaukee "Sentinel."

Stewedage—I hear that you had a tough voyage coming over.

Miss Highfil—O, frightfully so! It was such a relief to set foot once more on vice versa.—"Judge."

"He says his wife is largely responsible for his business success."

"Well, she has certainly made it absolutely necessary for him to earn more money."—"New Yorker."

"Now, Jimmy, what is the shortest sentence in the English language?" "Ten days or \$10."—Brooklyn "Life."

"There is such a thing as being too considerate and tender-hearted."

"What is the trouble now?"

"My daughter refuses to boil the drinking-water for fear of hurting the germs."—"Scissors."

"Cabman! Cabman! Surely you're going out of your way?"

"Bless me, mum, you give me quite a turn! I'd forgotten all about yer, and was driving back to the stables."—"Punch."

"Please remember, girls," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "that a slow suitor may become a fast friend."—Yonkers "Statesman."

Grace—No, I never tan, no matter how much I'm out in the sun.

Myrtle—Goodness! what's the use of having a vacation, then?—"Puck."

Soulful Person—Ah, yes; the instruction of the young must indeed be a delightful occupation! Is it not, Professor?

The Professor—Yes, Madame—it is not.—"Woman's Home Companion."

"I wonder how long we will have to wait for our train," remarked the little boy's mother at the depot.

The little boy, whose eager eyes saw everything, replied, "Put a penny in that machine and you can find out, mamma. It says: 'Learn your exact weight for one cent.'"—Kansas City "Times."



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The Golden Rose.

The "Golden Rose," which the Pope is presenting to the future Queen of Spain, is one of the most curious orders in existence.

It is a mimic plant of pure gold, standing in a golden pot whereon are emblazoned the papal arms. It has leaves, buds, and flowers. In the central flower is a tiny receptacle, in which is contained a small palm leaf, blessed by the Pope—a ceremony usually performed on the fourth Sunday in Lent.

Often enough no one is considered worthy of the honor, and the plant is laid away in the Vatican until a

suitable recipient appears.

The leaves of this golden plant are set with small jewels in imitation of dewdrops. Formerly the flower was made of red enamel, but now delicately worked gold is used alone.

The cost of the carving alone is about £350, and when the jewels are added from the collection of the Vatican it cannot be valued at anything less than £2,000.

The presentation of the Golden Rose is the highest honor the Pope can confer upon a Catholic princess. At the present time it is in the possession of the Queen Regent of Spain, the ex-Empress Eugenie, and some few others. In the past it was pre-

sented to the Empress Josephine, Queen Isabella of Spain, Queen Sophia of Naples, and many another famous lady since the days of Johanna of Sicily, the first Rose Queen, in the time of Urban VI.—London "Daily Mail."

Mrs. Youngwed—The other day you declared I talked almost continuously.

Youngwed—Yes, so I did.

Mrs. Youngwed—And last night you told the friend you brought home to dinner that I seldom said anything. Now, which statement is correct?

Youngwed—Both.—Chicago "Daily News."



R. CHARLES HARRISS of Ottawa is in London, England, arranging for the Empire concert to be given in Queen's Hall on the 27th inst. The programme, which will consist entirely of British music, will be performed by the London Symphony Orchestra and a chorus of two hundred and fifty voices selected by Sir Alexander Mackenzie. Every work, it seems, is to be directed by its own composer. Sir Alexander Mackenzie will conduct his Canadian Rhapsody, Sir Edward Elgar his Welsh Fantasia, Sir Hubert Parry his "Blest Pair of Sirens," Sir Charles Villiers Stanford his second Irish Rhapsody, Dr. F. H. Cowen his "Butterfly Ball" overture, while Dr. Harriss will direct his choric idyll, "Pan." The vocalists will be Mme. Albani and Miss Pauline Donalda, both Canadians, Mr. John Coates, and Mr. Ffrangcon Davies. Talking about British music to a newspaper representative, Dr. Harriss said recently in London: "I am aware that there is no nationality in music, and I know that you will only have the best in London; but I wish your concert-givers would do more for native composers. I was in England last year, and I was amazed to find the programmes of prominent concerts containing so few native creations. Surely there are good composers in the United Kingdom."

The resignation is announced of Mr. George Dixon as solo tenor in Carlton street Methodist church, to take effect on the 30th inst.

Mr. J. M. Sherlock, who has resigned his position of choirmaster at Carlton street Methodist church, was given a surprise at his home on Thursday evening of last week, when fifty members of the choir waited upon him and presented him with a handsome mahogany music cabinet. The committee in charge consisted of Messrs. W. McKendry, H. B. Goldey, C. N. Kennedy, and Misses Ella Lambly, M. E. Virtue, and B. McGarvey. Mr. Sherlock has been choirmaster for seven years, and the deputation expressed many regrets at his retirement. He will leave Toronto on the 25th inst. for a two months' trip to Europe.

On Monday evening, the 11th inst., a piano recital was given at St. Joseph's Academy by Miss Juliette Morin, pupil of Sister Mary Magdalen. A large gathering of friends and relatives of the young musician were present, who listened with appreciation to the rendering of her programme, which consisted of eight numbers.

Mr. Arthur Blakeley will sail for Europe on Saturday next, visiting Italy, Germany, France, and Switzerland, and, after spending some time at his home near London, will return by way of England, where he has arranged to give organ recitals. During Mr. Blakeley's absence the organ and choir at the Sherbourne street church will be looked after by Mr. W. A. Cork and Mr. H. A. Croxall.

The piano pupils of the West End branch of the Toronto College of Music and the kindergarten music classes of Miss Mabel Wells gave a recital on Thursday evening, June 7, at eight o'clock, in McBean's Hall, College street. The piano pupils proved by their playing how carefully they had been trained by their teachers, the Misses C. Williamson, C. Veitch, E. M. Robinson, E. Cadenehead, and A. Mansfield, and Mr. Charles E. Eggett. Miss Hulda Westman presented the testimonials to the graduates of the course, commending Miss Wells' training of her pupils, who, in the several games and exercises, which they seemed to enjoy, showed their knowledge of the fundamental principles of music. Fred Hopkins, pupil of Mrs. E. J. Hopkins, kindly contributed two vocal selections, the "Heroes and Gentlemen" of Brahms, and "Three for Jack," by Squire. The piano numbers were: Moszkowski, Thema and Mazurka, Dora Stutchbury; (a) Heller, Etude, No. 2, (b) Chopin, Waltz, Op. 64, No. 1, Gladys Cheddie; Ruth Fairbrother; Elgar, "Salut D'Amour," Otto Clipperton; Moszkowski, Duet, No. 3, Hattie Crocker and B. Spencer; Franke, "Spring's Magic," Howard Balm and G. Rutledge; Nevin, "Shepherds All and Maidens Fair," Lena Dale; Chopin, Ballade, Op. 47, No. 3, Edith Cadenhead; Gautier, "Intermezzo," Estrid Holme, Edna Worts, and Bertha Haviland; Litloff, "Spinning Song," Maud Dowsley.

The concert hall at St. Margaret's College was the scene of a very artistic event on Tuesday evening, June 5, when a large and enthusiastic audience attended the recital given by vocal pupils of Miss Mary H. Smart. The various young ladies sang with much finish and expression, reflecting great credit upon their teacher's well-known ability. Dramatic effects were not lacking and the phrasing and tone production also were worthy of high

praise. Miss Lena M. Hayes, the talented young Canadian violinist, contributed several delightful numbers, her capable accompanist being Miss Quehen. A representative programme included compositions by Hastings, Nevin, Noel Johnson, Lassen, Sarasate, Chadwick, M. V. White, Dell'Acqua, Woodforde-Finden, Wieniawski, d'Ambrosia, d'Arletot, Franz, Hammond and Schubert. The promising vocalists were Miss Agnes Hardie, Miss Eno Ham, Miss Ruby Carter, Miss Olive Anderson, Miss Blanche O'Hara, Miss Jean Sutherland, Miss Ida Sutherland, Miss Ethel King, and Miss Edith Bryce. Miss Smart accompanied each pupil with much sympathy, and gave evidence of unmistakable pianistic efficiency.

Moritz Rosenthal has been active as a composer since last in America, and, during his tour of the United States and Canada next season, under the direction of Henry Wolfsohn, he will play a number of his new works, several of them for the first time in public. He recently completed a concerto in G minor that has been spoken of highly in Vienna, the only place it thus far has been performed. The virtuoso has sketched two other concerti, which he expects to complete within the next few months. He has been working at intervals during the past three years upon a series of rhapsodies, twelve in number, which are said to outstrip those of Liszt in difficulty of execution. It is in these that Rosenthal will again show Americans his prodigious technique. His new compositions also embrace several of a lighter vein, including a suite of Hungarian dances, a barcarolle, two mazurkas, and half a dozen études.

Richard Strauss, according to a Munich wag, has given permission for his opera, "Salome," to be produced in that city on the following conditions:

(1) Rebuilding of the Opera House. (2) Tearing up the surrounding streets and squares and replacing them in Salomese style. (3) Transference of the city of Munich into a more agreeable climate. (4) The one-act opera which lasts only fifteen minutes must be performed every evening for six months. (5) For six months previous and six months following no other opera will be permitted on the stage of the Royal Opera House. (6) During these 180 days all the flags of the city will be furled. (7) During the performance all traffic in the streets will be stopped, and no smoking will be allowed in the precincts of the Opera House. (8) In the six months before and after no other works but those of Richard Bouquet may be given. (9) The present solo personnel of the opera will be converted into a chorus, and the soloists for "Salome" will be newly educated. (10) No one will be admitted to the auditorium who has not been through a music school course. (11) The orchestra will be reinforced to 5,000 players. (12) On the day of the premiere all the schools will be closed, general amnesty will be granted, the Hofbrauhaus will give away beer, the soldiers will wear their helmets, and opposite the Rathaus a gilded equestrian statue of the composer will be erected. No one will find these conditions unreasonable.

Sheffield Musical Union members are enthusiastic respecting the forthcoming visit to Germany. Nearly two hundred members have intimated their willingness to contribute \$20 (£4) each towards the expenses of the trip. The chorus will number three hundred voices, under Dr. Coward, made up of one hundred and fifty members of the Sheffield Musical Union and one hundred and fifty members of the Leeds Choral Union, of which Dr. Coward is also conductor. Subscriptions are being taken up in Yorkshire to enable the chorus to undertake the journey.

In connection with the Mendelssohn Choir's American tour next February, it is gratifying to learn that a number of the most prominent of our citizens are volunteering to stand behind the Choir financially should there be a deficit as the result of the concerts in Buffalo and New York. It is estimated that the expenses of the Mendelssohn Choir's trip across the border will aggregate \$6,000. One concert will be given in Buffalo and two in Carnegie Hall, New York.

An interesting chapter in the history of "Faust" is referred to by the London "Telegraph" in its article on the late Mme. Lemmens-Sherington: Perhaps the brightest passage in the career of a lady who maintained a high reputation, both in sacred and secular music, occurred in the year 1864. In the previous June Gounod's masterpiece had been produced by Mr. Mapleson at the Royal Italian Opera. The late Mr. Gye, the opposition impresario at Her Majesty's Theater, had refused to have anything to do with "Faust," which had made little impression in Paris, and had failed in Milan. A few days before the production of the opera in

London only £30 worth of seats had been taken for the opening performance, and Mapleson, after resolving on the unusual course of announcing the work for four nights in succession, arranged that, for three out of the four, not a single further seat should be sold. Nearly the whole of the tickets for the first three nights were given away, and an advertisement was printed stating that, in consequence of a death in the family, two stalls secured for the first representation of "Faust" could be bought at an increased price. These were disposed of several times over, and meanwhile people coming to the box-office were informed that neither love nor money would purchase places for the first three performances. "Faust" immediately "caught on," and was represented for ten nights in succession, besides being constantly repeated until the end of the season. Titiens was the original "Marguerite" here, with Giuglini as "Faust," Trebelli as "Siebel," Gassier as "Mephistopheles," and Santley as "Valentine." Mr. Gye hastened to put up the opera at Her Majesty's Theater, and on June 7, 1864, Adelina Patti performed "Marguerite" for the first time.

In January, 1864, "Faust" was presented in English at Her Majesty's, and Gounod expressly composed for Santley the popular cavatina, "Loving Smile of Sister Kind." Sims Reeves—though not on the first night—played "Faust"; Santley had his old part (he afterwards appeared as "Mephistopheles"); Madame Florence Lancia, who died last year, was the "Siebel"; and "Marguerite" was allotted to Madame Lemmens-Sherington, to whom the warmest praise was given for an excellent impersonation. Though not so dramatic as that of Titiens, it was marked by freshness and purity of intonation, with happy technique and a correct and tuneful delivery. The singer's methods were declared to be conspicuously artistic and musician-like. There were many performances of the English "Faust," which to this day—forty-two years later—retains a foremost place in all operatic repertoires.

Wagner had the audacity to write an opera, "Rheingold," which lasts two hours and a half without a pause. It remained for Jean Louis Nicodé to compose a symphony taking up the time of a whole concert, also without a pause, "a giant work, compared with which Schubert's C major symphony, with all its heavenly length, seems like a miniature"—such is, according to a German critic, Nicodé's symphony in one movement for grand orchestra, organ, and chorus, entitled "Gloria! A Song of Storm and Sunshine." It lasted over two hours at its first performance at a festival in Frankfurt, yet the critic of the Berlin "Vossische Zeitung" declared that his interest never flagged to the end. The "Boersen-Courier" and the "National Zeitung" allow Nicodé a mastery of orchestral technique, and coloring in no way inferior to Richard Strauss' and Mahler's. "Since Wagner's 'Meistersinger' no artistic deed of such power and significance has been achieved," says Nodnagel. "It will doubtless make its way triumphantly in our concert halls next season," says another critic. Others still wrote: "His music is royally sublime"; "He is one of the chosen"; "Henceforth Nicodé will have to be classed among the great men of the century."

The Metropolitan School of Music, under the direction of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, will hold its closing concert for this season on Monday evening, 25th inst., at West Association Hall, corner of Queen street and Dovercourt road. Admission will be by invitation card. CHERUBINO.

Easy.

"Did you sell horses to those two customers yesterday?" we ask of our friend the horse dealer.

"Yes."
"Make anything?"
"Off of Jones—yes."
"Jones? Why, Jones was the one that said he knew all about horses."
"I know. He was easy. The other fellow didn't know a thing about them and brought around three or four experts before he would buy."
—"Life."

"A New One in Town."

A very pretty touring car, painted pearl grey, has been noticed on our streets during the last few days. On

inquiry we find that this car is a Pope-Hartford, owned by Mr. George A. Graham of the Iroquois Hotel. Mr. Graham reports making a trip from Buffalo to Toronto in the car, and states that the Pope-Hartford will take all of the hills on the high-speed. This is a remarkable performance. Last week an Oldsmobile, driven by Mr. W. S. Smith of the Automobile & Supply Co., made a trip from Toronto to St. Catharines, with the high-speed gear locked in position, rendering it impossible to use either the low, medium, or reverse gears. The Pope-Hartford made the same trip with the high-speed gear in position all the way through.

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ANECDOTAL

There is an ingenious young gentleman now studying for the British army who ought to make a name for himself. Asked the other day who wrote the "Pentateuch," he replied, "Rudyard Kipling."

A woman once said to Marion Crawford, the novelist: "Have you ever written anything that will live after you are gone?" "Madam," Crawford replied, "what I am trying to do is to write something that will enable me to live while I am here!"

This was how the Geography put it: "Where the pine forests of the South have been cleared away are now to be found flourishing truck-farms." This was the teacher's question: "What do we now find where the pine forests of the South have been cleared away?" And this was the answer: "Stumps."

The managing editor wheeled his chair round and pushed a button in the wall. The person wanted entered. "Here," said the editor, "are a number of directions from outsiders as to the best way to run a newspaper. See that they are all carried out." And the office boy, gathering them all into a large waste-basket, did so.

A number of farmers from a far-away sideline were discussing the result of the investigation into the methods of the Chicago meat packers. "Talkin' about the corruption in them big cities," said Uncle Jerry Peebles, "I'm told that in some of 'em they adulterate even the water, and lots of people won't touch it unless it's been stamped juiune."

A certain member of the Yale faculty is famous for his power of condensing his many strong antipathies into trenchant epigrams. His pet abhorrence is logic, a fact which was unknown to the student who recently approached him with the question: "Professor —, I am thinking of taking logic next year. What do you think of the course?" "Horse sense made asinine," responded the professor, tersely.

An American visitor to Oxford recently was amazed to find that when he reached the railway station he was still about a mile from the college that was to give him lunch. He wanted to know why the station had been built so far away from the city, and he fired the question at a porter. Slowly the Oxfordshire intellect moved. "I dunno," said the porter. "But I 'spect they thought it more handy to have the station down here where the railway runs!"

The Rev. Edward A. Horton of Boston told this story at a recent banquet of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. "A woman went marketing in Faneuil Hall," said the minister. "She stopped before a stall where were displayed fowl so aged as to seem almost unsalable. 'What do you sell those for?' inquired the woman, wondering if the proprietor would dare call them chickens. 'We usually sell them for profits, marm,' was the curt response. 'Oh,' said the woman, 'I thought they were patriachs.'"

A well-dressed young man approached the desk in a telegraph branch office yesterday and wrote a message. Laying the pen down, he handed the message to the girl and said: "You can rush this for me, can't you?" "Yes, indeed," replied the girl. "It's very important!" he went on. "I must have it rushed!" "It shall go right through!" "All right," he said, turning away. "Be sure and rush it now!" When he had gone the girl showed the message to another operator standing near. "Look what is to be rushed!" she said. The message read: "Henry still loves his little wife and wishes she could be with him."

I am not a spelling reformer, said Senator La Follette of Wisconsin, but a friend of mine named Turner nearly made one of me once. Turner and I were travelling together. We came to a certain hotel, and there, to my amazement, the man registered: "H. C. Phtholognyrrh." "What is the matter with you?" I exclaimed. "Why do you adopt that remarkable alias? Have you committed some crime?" "No, indeed," said Turner.

"Then why don't you register your own name?" said I. "That is my own name," he answered. "Phtholognyrrh—Turner. That's my name." "Well," I said, "I can't see how you make 'Turner' out of 'Phtholognyrrh.' What is your object, anyway, in using such a peculiar spelling?" "Oh," said my friend, "when I used to register plain 'Turner,' I attracted no attention. Now, though, my name excites a great deal of wondering comment. People study it. They ask one another what my nationality can be. Even now, you will notice, there is a little crowd buzzing over the register. 'Phtholognyrrh' is good English spelling for 'Turner,' too. In the 'phth' there is the sound of 't' as in 'phthisis.' In the 'olo' there is the sound of 'ur' as in 'colonel.' The 'gn' is 'n' as in 'gnat.' Finally, in the 'yrrh' there is the sound of 'er' as in 'myrrh.' There you have it. Phtholognyrrh—Turner."

Had Another Guess Coming.

A member of the London Stock Exchange was married a short time ago; the first time he appeared on 'Change after the honeymoon, one of his friends suddenly reached over and took a long brown hair from his shoulder.

"Looks bad in a married man, Ticker," he exclaimed, holding it up to the light.

"Oh, that's all right," replied Ticker, smiling, "it's my wife's."

"No, no, that won't do," responded the friend, "your wife's hair is darker than that."

This made Ticker a trifle angry, and he exclaimed excitedly, "I tell you it's my wife's. I fancy I know my wife's hair when I see it."

"Well, you certainly ought to," said the friend. "But are you sure?"

"Sure? of course I am. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I thought perhaps there might be some mistake. You see, I found it on Brown's shoulder just before I saw you."

Not for Them.

"So you have a woman police force?" we ask of our friend who lives in an equal suffrage town out West. "How do they get along? They ought to make good detectives."

"There's just the trouble," he says. "We can't get one of them to go on the detective force."

"You can't?"

"No. When it was proposed that some of them join the plain clothes squad they threatened to resign at once."—"Life."

Wise Girl.

Now, there was a certain girl, and she had three wooers. The first wooer said she was the whole world to him, but she frowned upon his suit. The second wooer said she was the sun, moon, and stars to him, but she bade him be on his way.

"To me," said the third, "you are a young woman of agreeable manners, with eyes that might be a little bluer, with a nose that is a wee bit puggy, and with a few freckles, and an annoying habit of blurting out your thoughts."

She married the third wooer. Being pressed for an explanation of her conduct, she said:

"My goodness! I think I was sensible. I married the only one that had courage enough to tell me of my faults before marriage, instead of waiting to throw them up to me afterwards."—"Life."

The Downward Path.

"It's certainly too bad!" with sighful solemnity said Miss Henrietta Stang, over the back fence to Mrs. Judge Tubman, "but according to all reports, it's what he said himself that started the talk!—young Lester Pinyne is going to the dogs just as fast as he can! Why, he owned up to Gilbert Pine, and Gil told 'Lias Turner, and 'Lias told Amzi Sussions, and Amzi told it to one of the Bump Twins, and the Bump Twin told it to Mary Ella Teeters—he's engaged to her, you know, so it was perfectly proper that he should—and she told it to me; that when Lester was up to the city last week he made a practice of running around of nights till ten or eleven o'clock, and one day he stood right in front of a saloon and saw one of them giddy chorus girls ride by in an automobile, and she winked at him!—he wasn't any farther away from her either, than from your front door to the gate! And all his folks are such nice people, too!"—"Smart Set."

What He Wanted.

Mrs. McCall—So you like to go to dinner at your grandmother's, eh?

Willie—Yes'm.

Mrs. McCall—Because you're always sure to get enough to eat there, eh?

Willie—Oh, my! It's because I'm always sure to get too much.—Philadelphia "Press."

"I think that every young woman should learn to play the piano before she is married."

"That's right. And forget it afterwards."—Cleveland "Leader."



THE OBSTACLE.

Her Fiancé—Chee, Sadie, if it wasn't fur dat dollar down proposition, I'd have enough to go housekeepin' wit'.

Bohemia, New York

AS soon as a New York eating place, a café or a clique is labeled "Bohemian," thither crowd haberdashers, jewelers, bookkeepers, clothing salesmen, travelling men, belated suburbanites, and other dull respectables with yearnings for what they call "the artistic side of life." Hall-rooms, counters, show-cases, and sample-cases are forgotten as they gabble in parrot fashion of the style of George Barr McCutcheon and the impressionism of Howard Chandler Christy, whom they once saw riding in a cab. Then, the Neapolitan Orchestra from Elizabeth street plays selections from "Carmen" for the eighth time, and they all yell the Toreador song at the top of their voices, while the cloak models round about make a noise like castenets by snapping their fingers.

In such a resort as this, used to appear regularly a man, about thirty-five, of most distinguished appearance. I have heard him described as a tenth-carbon copy of Alphonse Daudet, and was informed, on various occasions, that he was an opera singer, fallen on evil days; a painter, who had left Paris on account of a matrimonial tangle; a composer, who would have done great things if he had not had the misfortune to possess a comfortable income; and an Italian nobleman, in exile for political reasons. He looked as foreign as an ocean steamship, and talked the purest New Yorkese, with vagrant broad a's, as in glass, past, last, can't. One night, during the eighth bellicose rendition of the Toreador song, his waiter whispered to him that he was wanted at the telephone. All the passion of Spain fled from his face. He settled his bill hurriedly, and moved away, solemn and slow, as if the fumes, reek of Scotch, and the blurred faces and fading eyes were but figments of a dream. I asked the waiter who he was. The waiter reflected a moment, and then confided, with a most discreet glance:

"Il est entrepreneur de pompes funebres." Adding, by way of compensation: "Il gagne énormément."

An undertaker! I tried to imagine what some of the other Toreadors for a night might be; and saw only two or three in the whole long room that were known to subsist on the precarious revenue of the arts—"Smart Set."

Her Rainbow.

"He is my rain beau," she remarks; "He blushes redly when he sparks. At times it may be plainly seen That as to woman's wiles he's green. When I smile on another fellow With jealousy he then is yellow Until he thinks I am not true. And then he is the darkest blue."—"Judge."

An Honest Tramp.

"Lady, won't you give a poor old fellow something to eat? I'm an honest man," pleaded the tramp at the back door.

"Prove your honesty," suggested the sweet little woman.

"I have not suffered from the San Francisco earthquake."

Without another word he was taken in and given such a feast as seldom falls to the lot of those who take so many free rides on the railroads.

—Judge.

At an elaborate dinner in Providence recently a young man said to his neighbor at the table, "I see you are not drinking anything. Have you sworn off?"

"Yes, I am on the water-wagon now."

"Ah, I see. You are taking your meals à la cart."—New York "Tribune."

Mr. Cortelyou's Cigar

WHEN George B. Cortelyou, now Postmaster-General of the United States, resigned as Secretary of Commerce and Labor to become chairman of the Republican National Committee and take charge of President Roosevelt's campaign, he decided he must do something to get a hail-fellow standing with the politicians he must meet.

Cortelyou had been a very busy man all his life. He had not had time to acquire any of the companionable vices; he did not drink or smoke. He knew most politicians did both. He would not drink, so he made up his mind he would smoke.

He went into retirement for a few days, and learned to smoke after a fashion, and with much distress. At the end of his experiment he could puff on a cigar with an enjoyment that was purely apparent and entirely unreal. He didn't like it. His private secretary, H. O. Weaver, was a man with the correct and abstemious habits of his chief. He never had smoked.

"Weaver," said Mr. Cortelyou one day after he had begun to smoke, "I think you must learn to smoke."

"But, Mr. Chairman," protested Weaver, "I never have smoked and I don't want to learn."

"Oh, yes, Weaver," Cortelyou insisted, "we are politicians now, and we must smoke."

Poor Weaver struggled gallantly for a few days and got to a condition where he could smoke a small portion of a cigar without losing all interest in things.

When a caller came Chairman Cortelyou would offer him a cigar—and he kept very good ones—take one himself, and pass the box to Weaver. "Have a cigar, Weaver," he would say.

Then both he and Weaver would light up and smoke until the visitor left. As soon as the door was closed both cigars would be thrown away. When the campaign closed Weaver rebelled.

"I'll never smoke any more," he said. And he hasn't.

Nor has Cortelyou. —Saturday Evening Post.

Life Hunger.

The shadowy woods stretch wide and cool and brown,

Green lie the fields before my careless feet;

But oh, I long to wander up and down The tangled stream of some grim city street;

To drain once more the cup of crowded life.

To watch the failure and the falling crown,

To read the laughter and the tears of strife,

To weave the tatters into things complete,

And all my lonely past and future drown

In those dark waves of life that round me beat.

—Arthur Stringer, in "Smart Set."

What Willie Asked.

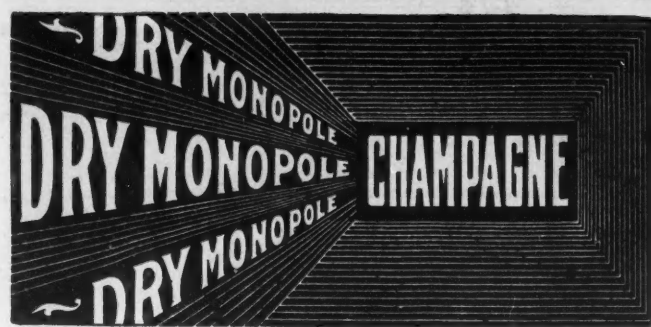
"And he rent his garments and went upon his way," quoted the teacher. "Now, which little boy or girl can tell me where he was going?"

The little Wise boy lifted his hand. "You may answer, Willie."

"Why, if he rented his garments he must have been going to a masquerade ball."—"Judge."

The prodigal son of to-day wants to satisfy himself that the fatted calf isn't a wolf in sheep's clothing—"Judge."

One thing can be said for the insurance companies under the old extravagant management. They gave away good blotters. —Somerville "Journal."



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IMAGINE such a peaceful animal as a cow causing the discomfiture of a whole neighborhood! Yet it just did. There was a large area of vacant land on Markham street, which attracted the attention of animal owners as a fair tethering place.

At times it was a regular freak museum, and people would stop and stare at the three-legged sheep, the horse with the wobbly head, and the tailless cow, wondering if the place were not a select, stuck-up, private pound; because, with the seclusiveness of that street as to its society and clubs, why shouldn't Markham street have a "pound" of its own?

But that cow! Her ancestry was a matter of speculation—she seemed to be a descendant of the buffalo and sacred ox.

During the daytime she was a good, law-abiding citizen, but when night came—it gives me a headache even now to recall the racket she made. About eleven o'clock she would start a bawl with a crescendoing hic-cough at the end of each bar, like nothing else so much as the cornet of a Manitoulin Island brass band.

We didn't mind it for a few nights, thinking it would cease; but as it continued and became even worse, consultations began among the neighbors, from the upstairs windows, as to what could ail her.

One man said she was bawling for her offspring; another said that she wanted fresh grass and needed her stake altered. Then a kindly disposed woman declared the creature was thirsty, and suggested that we organize a sort of volunteer brigade to carry water and assuage the brute's thirst. But futile endeavor! No, she drank her fill, and still she bawled and bawled.

A night later, from one of the neighbors, came a new idea. As we all stood huddled on the front steps, studying the situation—and the cow, "Poor thing," said he, "the cow has no tail, and is, of course, bothered with flies." He went on to say he had a patent (he was always patenting things) which would meet the need of a tailless cow. We implored him to "try it on." Being a benevolent man and fond of experimenting, he agreed to do it.

So, assisted by a big, white full moon, he went confidently over to the cow, saying softly in a milk-maid tone, "Co-boss, co-bossy," and carrying a thing which looked like a long widow's veil, attached to a rubber band, the idea being to fasten it to the end of the severed tail, on the end of the cow. But he didn't do it. Somehow the cow did not take to his kindness, and the next moment he and his patent were in a tangle on the ground, while the language he used as he hobbled back could scarcely be regarded as fit for a Sunday school class.

At the end of three weeks two women in the block had to go to the "Springs," owing to nervous prostration! The rest of us, though we could not afford to go, had prostration all the same.

Possibly the reader wonders that we had not ere this located the owner of the cow. Well, so we did. At first he was cute enough to take the cow away about daylight, just when we were all worn out and half asleep. But once we did run him to earth, he defied us to do anything, saying that he had permission from the lot-owners.

Then advice was sought from the policeman on the beat. He advised us to ring up No. 222, which we did.

Some one there told us to go to the Cruelty Department. When we rang it up we learned that the officer who looked after such outrages was out of the city. A funny man across the street said it was a case for the Morality Department, considering the attire worn by the people who watered the cow.

So, despairing of police help, the next night two of us took the law into our own hands, and loosened the stake which held the cow, giving her a good whack, which sent her flying down the street car track, a deed which, besides giving us a virtuous feeling for having done a brave act, won for us the applause of the neighborhood.

But, alas! short-lived was our triumph, for in half an hour back again came that cow, being evidently fond of the feed and Markham street society. Up to this time the other denizens of the museum had been well behaved, but owing to the cow's influence, they also lost their manners, and the goat began a "Nan-nan" and the three-legged sheep a "Ba-b-a-a," and the horse a "He-he" whinny—in

fact the whole street was being corrupted.

This could not go on, so the opinion of a lawyer was sought, and what do you think? After we had told him about loosening the stake, he said that if the cow had been killed on the track, we would have had to pay for the loss!

We fairly choked with indignation. My companion gurgled, gasped, and turned green, in trying to form words in which to express herself. Finally, when she got her breath, she broke out with "What! You mean to say that an illegal nuisance that is destroying the nerves of a whole neighborhood is sanctioned by the law?" She went on to say what she thought of the law, a miserable, uncertain, unsatisfactory thing, which never respected the rights of women! I agreed with her.

Seeing that we were in no joking mood, the lawyer very kindly advised us to interview the owner of the land, and complain to him.

Once more we were on the horns of a dilemma. There were about six different notice-boards on as many lots, each one indicating a different owner or agent, so how were we to know which particular board was the cow's vine and fig-tree?

At night, though, by the aid of some matches, we ascertained under which board the cow was anchored, and complained to the agent whose name was on the shingle, begging him to come and hear the bawl for himself. He came up one night when the cow was tied under a board which said: "Apply to Toronto street," but as this man was from Adelaide street, and it was not under his piece of timber he said it was not his funeral. I told him it would soon be mine if nothing were done, but he was made of asphalt. Then I went to see all the different landlords and agents whose notice-boards were up. Two of them were in Europe, travelling—yes travelling (how I envy them!)—while the rest were at their summer homes. It was pleasant to know that these gentlemen were enjoying themselves. By now a month had gone, and our nerves were in such a shattered condition that all the neighbors had quarrelled with each other, and some of us at our house were not on speaking terms.

On a memorable night the noise was worse than ever. The cow delivered her bawl so that it hit against a high building opposite and ricocheted across the road into our open windows, and about two-thirty the "worse half" of me, who, up to this time, had jeered at us all for making so much fuss over an innocent cow, lost patience, and, rising in his wrath, said: "I'll settle the brute!"

"Don't kill her," I remarked drily, the first words I had spoken for three days to him.

Armed with a huge stick, he rushed out and aimed a blow at the cow.

The next thing I saw was a pair of flying suspenders attached to a man flying across the grass, a demon cow after him.

We, with our heads poked out of the windows, laughed. But he was mad. Oh, he was! and as he came in banged the door, and said things to himself as he washed his feet under the bath-room tap. Men are me a nerve tonic, saying as he handed times.

The next day, as a peace-offering, this worse half of mine procured for me a nerve wine, saying as he handed it to me, "Here is some cow medicine for you."

This I resented, and I told him so, at the same time suggesting that he take a full dose for his own nerves.

But the following morning saw us out of our difficulties. Having sat up till daylight, my vigil was rewarded when a man, as bold as brass and actually humming a tune (the depraved wretch!) came with a pail to milk her, and, sauntering over, I said, as naturally as I could: "Do you and your wife both milk this cow?" He gaped at me, and finally said: "So weemin are milkin' my cow, are they? Well, she'll feed here no more."

So ends the tale of the tailless cow. GEORGINA SEEING.

Lord Dufferin as a Public Speaker.

Professor Byers' very interesting description of the late Lord Dufferin as a public speaker brings me back to a period fifteen years ago, when, as one of the University Extension students in Belfast, I had the opportunity of hearing the famous statesman at the opening meetings of the society. Lord Dufferin was a great "draw," and the fascination he exercised over the meetings will not soon be forgot-

ten. At the same time, Professor Byers would hardly claim the great man as an orator in the accepted sense of the term. Lord Dufferin, however, possessed the equipment of a public speaker in a degree that I, personally, have never known excelled. His manner was superb; voice, action, pose, were under perfect control. There appears to be no doubt that he carefully memorized his speeches, which displayed the most elaborate preparation. His exquisite manner, his well-modulated voice, his grace of gesture, and the fact that his diction was full of surprises of phrase-combination and that "curiosa felicitas" which Coleridge speaks of, made up an unusual and delightful experience to his hearers. So far as technique goes he was perfect; but he had not the abandon of the orator, hence, while he fascinated his auditors, he did not move them. At the same time, speaking for myself, I look back upon these meetings as having given me the rare delight of hearing a master in the art of speech-making.—W. J., in "T. P.'s Weekly."

Gambler's Experience With the N.W.M.P.

AMONG the many persons who are pouring into the Canadian West at the present time, one perhaps somewhat more illustrious than the others is William McDonald of Lewiston, Idaho, who a few years ago was one of the members of the Supreme Court of the State of Washington.

He went North a few weeks ago, took a look about Stettler, Alberta, and decided to locate there. "I am on my way home again," said he to the "Albertan" the other day, "and I shall bring my two married daughters and their families and my family back to this country, and will locate out on the Stettler line."

"I like this country. It is good enough for me. I like your customs. I like your ways. I like your people, and this country is the greatest that God ever made. In ten years Canada, I am convinced, will have a population of 60,000,000. We are loyal people at the present time. We think much of our stars and stripes; but we shall be just as good people for your country and just as loyal to you."

Mr. McDonald is a very interesting talker, tells a good story and, unless all signs fail, will be heard from in this country in a very short time. He has formed a great admiration for the North-West Mounted Police. He says he had heard that this police force was superior to any other in the world, and was prepared to see something pretty good, but that he was amazed at the orderly and satisfactory way in which these people do their work. In this connection he tells the following story:

I had one case brought to my attention. There was a man in my country who was a member of a gambling gang, a bunch of tin horns, and a bad crowd. One of them I assisted in getting where he belonged. When I came up here I saw another member of the gang, and I knew him, but he didn't recognize me.

"What do you think of Canada?" I asked him.

"It's the limit," he replied. "It's the worst ever."

"Why, I've heard that it was a great country; fruitful, rich, and the very best," I answered.

"Yes, the country may be all right; the land may be good enough; but it's the people that are the limit."

"I always heard that they were law-abiding and decent people," I answered.

"Law-abiding enough, but they don't treat American citizens with ordinary decency."

"Never heard that before," I replied. "Did they misuse you?"

"Yes, they did," replied our tin horn friend. "They did to me something that should have led to international complications, to the breaking off of friendly relations between nations. Well, I should say it would."

"What did they do?" I replied; "I am getting interested."

"Well," said he, "I hadn't been in Calgary more than a few days when one of these red-coated soldier policemen they have up there, Mounted Police I think they call them, came into the hotel I was stopping at—"

"What were you doing in Calgary?" I asked, breaking in.

"I was just looking around."

"Well, as I said," continued the tin horn person, "he came in and asked for me. I thought it was the Duke of York or some of those chaps that wanted to see me, and went down to see him. When he saw me he says, 'Oh, yes, you are Mr. —,' had my name down pat and all that. He seemed to know me. 'Well,' says he, 'you get out of here.' 'Why,' asks I, 'I don't know,' says he, 'but you get out. You are not wanted here.' I says, 'I'll go when I feel good and ready.' He says, 'You'll go to-day, and if you are here to-morrow you'll be arrested.'"

"Did you go," I asked.

"Yes, I did go."

"Why didn't you stay and fight it out. You had a good case if you were an innocent man."

"Well, I'm innocent all right; nothing against me, but, well I wasn't very particular about stopping, and

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what would you do, stranger, get away in time, or stay and fight the whole British army? I came away that day. But that is a scandalous way of treating an American citizen."

That is convincing proof to Judge McDonald that Canada is the country of law and order, and that the Royal North-West Mounted Police know their business.

"There are some Spokane papers which are trying to stem the tide to this country and keep our people at home," said Mr. McDonald. "When any man comes back from Canada, however worthless he may be, the Spokane papers will give him the paper if he keeps on hammering the

country. It isn't doing any good. It's only making the people more keen to have a look at this country."

"There is nothing good about this country that I am not prepared to say about it. That is the interview that I give you."

The Usual Way.

A little five-year-old, who had listened to a sermon on giving to the Lord, was soon thereafter given two pennies, and resolved that one should be the Lord's and the other should go for candy. She put them in her pocket and went out to play, and in her romps one of the pennies was

lost. On her return to the house she exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, I've lost the Lord's penny!" How many children of larger growth play over again the part of this little prattler!

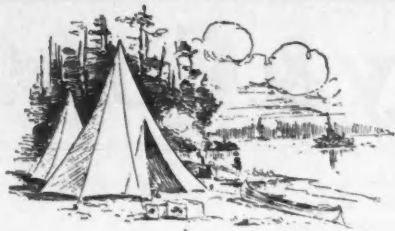
Harmonious System.

"My husband selects all my hats for me," she said.

"But does he— He certainly has good taste," observed the other woman.

"Oh, after he selects the ones he thinks I should wear I exchange them for the ones I want."—"Judge."

Failure implies effort; that is why some men never fail.—"Life."



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Utilizing It.

Tourist (in Kentucky)--My stars! What has become of the Mammoth Cave?

Prominent Citizen--Oh, the company that owned the cave cut it up into holes and sold them to trust magnates and insurance officials, to crawl into to avoid investigation.--"Puck."

Great Plan.

"I am getting tired of this unending criticism of ray donations for philanthropic purposes," said the multi-millionaire. "I wish I knew of some way to give money away that would get favorable comment."

"There is one plan you might try," said the private secretary. "You might cause it to be announced that you were going to make a donation of an immense sum to a charity whose identity should not be disclosed. Then they would all praise you for avoiding the limelight, and

in the long run you would get more complimentary mention than from all your prior gifts."

"Fine!" exclaimed the multi-millionaire. "Fix it up, Scribbs. And say: the beauty about that scheme is I'll not be compelled to give a cent away, really."--"Judge."

Exactly.

Teacher--Now, Robert, do you know what an isosceles triangle is?

Boy--Yes'm.

Teacher--Well, what is it?

Boy--It's one uv dem t'ings I gits licked fer not knowin' wot it is.--"Tit-Bits."

A Hard Case.

He--Do you think it would be foolish of me to marry a woman who was my intellectual inferior?

She--I don't know that it would be foolish--but it would be a difficult thing for you to do.--"Pick-Me-Up."

BARRIE AND BERNARD SHAW

A T first sight, Bernard Shaw and J. M. Barrie seem to have nothing in common. But James Huneker, the well-known dramatic and musical critic, has found a point of contact between them, and he states it frankly, almost brutally. They resemble one another, he says, in the ephemeral quality of their works, in their shortcomings, in their limitations. As yet, both have failed to master the techniques of the theater; that is, "they cannot build a play which has a beginning, a middle and an end." Moreover, as essential Romantics, with all the faults of the Romantic school, they have also failed to grasp the principles of true and convincing character creation. Elaborating this train of thought in the "Metropolitan Magazine" (April), Mr. Huneker says:

"Mr. Shaw, who is an intellectual anarchist, and not the Socialist he so fondly imagines himself, has written plays which are, despite their modern themes, Romantic in their essence. Like all the Romantic writers, Shaw is incapable of character creation. His theater is peopled by Shaws, by various opinions of Shaw regarding the universe. He could no more erect a play in architect fashion, as does Pinero, than Pinero could handle the multitude of ideas so ably assimilated and set forth by Shaw. Nor can the Irishman conceive and execute characters in action as does Paul Hervieu. The truth is that Paul Hervieu is thrice as modern as Shaw; that in 'Law of Man,' 'The Nippers,' 'The Labyrinth' (the original, not the English version) the French dramatist has handled the most pressing questions of our feverish life, and handled them as a dramatist, not as a doctrinaire. Charming debates as are the Shaw plays, they will not endure for the simple reason that only true art endures; ideas stale, but art, never. A jellyfish is not more viscous than the form--if it can be called form--of the Shaw play. And, remember, this fact abates not a jot of their entertaining quality. We are viewing them now as drama--and they fail the critical test."

"Shaw is a Romantic. He worships himself romantically, and when he does not write of himself, he no longer interests. His is an interesting personality. It quite overflows the picture of the world made by his brain. Thus it is that the characters in his plays are but various facets of his own person. If he were a close observer of life, as well as a superb satirist, he would be an objective dramatist. He has, for example, portrayed several Americans. He believes he understands the American character. He certainly abuses it. But what an eye-opening experience will be his when he comes to America and studies its people. A Romantic, then, he is incapable of depicting any character but his own, incapable through lack of sympathy of projecting himself into the normal feelings of average humanity. This stamps him as a Romantic--the Romantics who described themselves so admirably and with much art, but could not paint the world about them."

Barrie's romanticism, in contrast with that of Bernard Shaw, has "more charm," but is "on a lower intellectual level." Like Daudet, he has the gift of pity and tears; but "he slops over so hopelessly on every occasion that one soon feels that it is Barrie the man that is weeping, not Barrie the artist." Mr. Huneker says further:

"I faintly enjoyed the latest Barrie offering at the Criterion. 'Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire' is like its name--sweet and vermicular. It is what our German brethren would call Bandwurm. In it I saw Miss Ethel Barrymore endeavoring to suppress her adorable self, crush the Ethel in her, subdue the Barrymore of her, to fit a nice, ladylike rôle, a mother who is misunderstood by her children. It is all pleasing tomfoolery with as much relation to life, to art, to the theater, as has the pollywog. In despair I read 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' after I left the playhouse to rid myself of the sickly surf of Barrie's futile and brackish ideas. And I assure you I do not care much for this particular play. But any astrigent for the mental palate after the Barrie confitures!"

"His 'Little Mary' marked the low-water mark of dramatic formlessness. 'Alice,' etc., is a trifle better. I do not include 'The Admirable Crichton,' as that clever piece was first written by Ludwig Fulda, then adapted without acknowledgment. I can go 'Peter Pan,' but no more Barrie for me if it is to be of the 'Alice,' where art thou?" type."

Formless fantasies, whimsical fairy-tales, clever anecdote, fulminating satire--these about sum up, for Mr. Huneker, the substance of both Barrie and Shaw's plays. He confesses that he is "heartily tired of the play that masquerades as a play but is not a play, only a fable or a sermon"; and adds:

"We are weary of these opened flood-gates of conversation, of dialogue that merges into the monologue of the agitator. The same old human stuff is scattered around us, and the dramatist, wary of the wind of public favor, is going back to it. Pinero's last success may be

a sign of the times. It was the fashion to flout such a strong specimen of stage architecture as 'The Gay Lord Quex,' yet what a solace it would be to-day in the midst of all this shallow characterization, this shaky drawing and melodramatic daubing! The epigram play was revived by Oscar Wilde; it bids fair to die with Mr. Shaw. Mr. Pinero, whose beaver-shaped brow indicates his beaverlike proclivity for design and structure in his dramas, will outlast a wilderness of the wits, sentimentalists, and rhapsodists. No art is so narrow in its formal scope, no art imposes so many restrictions upon its practitioners, as the art of the theater."

Freeman and Froude.

Professor Goldwin Smith, who preceded Freeman and Froude in the History Chair at Oxford, gives his view of these famous fighters in the "Atlantic Monthly." Of Freeman he speaks more kindly than is quite the fashion now. "Freeman was a peculiar being, an Anglo-Saxon without guile, a Thane who had stepped into the nineteenth century; blunt, rather grotesque, and apt to be peppery in debate. Coming to this country to lecture, he mistook the Americans for Republicans, and adapted himself, as he fancied, to their rude Republican simplicity. But he was honest and truthful to the core, a hearty lover of righteousness, and a hater of iniquity. As a writer he lacks art; he is diffuse and somewhat pedantic; not popular, and now, save by earnest students, little read. But his profound erudition and his perfect conscientiousness make him master of the limited period of history to which he was specially devoted." On Froude, the verdict is much less favorable. Goldwin Smith--and there is no better judge--praises Froude's style. He thinks that he bore away a full measure of the literary graces of Newman's school. "His style is eminently lucid, graceful, and attractive. In that respect there are few more fascinating writers." But he looks upon Froude as by nature inaccurate, and the charge against him which has been sustained is not one of mere inaccuracy. The charge is that of sophistication of history, polemical dealings with facts, and perversion of morality. On the miserable Carlyle episode, Goldwin Smith sums up briefly:--"When Froude had those papers in his hands he was sure to do what he did. It would seem about time that the publication of such matter, and of private correspondence generally, should be restrained. The gratification of prurient curiosity is dearly purchased by that which impairs the freedom of friendly and confidential intercourse. As a rule, let any future friend of a deceased man of mark into whose hands a bundle of Carlyle papers comes piously consign them to the fire.--"Sketch."

Lamentable Ignorance.

It was visiting day at the kindergarten and the young teacher was proud of her little pupils as they went through their drills and exercises and beamed with pleasure at the appreciation shown by the visitors, who applauded generously. Then came the lesson and the teacher announced the subject.

"Children," she said, "to-day we are going to learn about the cat, and I want you to tell me what you know about it. Tommy, how many legs has the cat?"

"Four," replied Tommy, proudly conscious of rectitude.

"Yes, and, Daisy, what else has the cat?"

"Claws an' tail," murmured Daisy, shyly.

Various other portions of feline anatomy were ascertained, and finally the instructress turned to one of the latest acquisitions of the kindergarten and said, sweetly:

"Now, Mary, can you tell me whether the cat has fur or feathers?"

With scorn and contempt, mingled with a vast surprise, Mary said:

"Gee, teacher, ain't you never seen a cat?"

And the lesson came to an abrupt end.--Buffalo "News."

Wood and Wood.

"Don't you like to hear the wind whistling through the wood?" asked the poetical one.

"Well," replied the practical one, "if I'm out in the forest I do; but if the wood is made up into a \$2 fute, I can't say that I do."--Yonkers "Statesman."

Facetious Dog.

"Call me 'Little Brighteyes,' Henry," softly murmured the bespectacled Boston maiden.

But the knowing young man from New York had an inspiration.

"I'll call you 'Little Four-eyes,'" cackled he.--Louisville "Courier-Journal."

"Don't you think," asked Mrs. Oldcastle, "that the new minister was somewhat recalcitrant last Sunday?"

"I didn't know what it was at the time," replied her hostess as she toyed with her diamond-studded fan, "but I do remember that his face looked kind of red and his eyes were sort of glassy. Still, we oughtn't to be too hard on the poor man. He might of taken it for 'la grippe.'"

--Chicago "Record-Herald."

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Thrills of a Bell Boy.

In the "Thrills of a Bell Boy" (Forbes, Chicago), that accomplished sonneteer, Mr. Samuel Ellsworth Kiser, displays the same skill that he showed in his "Love Sonnets of an Office Boy." Here is a specimen:

I went upstairs this morning, when she rung--
I guess she must of just got out of bed--
It seemed to me her nose looked kind of red;
They was a little wad of hair that hung
Down in a pigtail on her back; she brung
A telegram out to the door, and said:
"Well, get a move--good Heavens, are you dead?"
Somehow she didn't seem to look so young.

I can't help kind of wonderin' to-day
What made her look so queer; it seems as though
There's something that is gone. I'd like to know
If all ones that's beautiful when they
Get on their rigin' and are fixed up gay

Ain't much but framework when they've gone at night
And safely locked themselves in out of sight
And laid what ain't growed onto them away.

The following describes another lost illusion and how it was lost:

I wish somebody'd kick me through a fence;
I must be gettin' dotty; I'm so dense
I couldn't see half through an iron gate;

Why, anyone could string me while you wait;
No wonder Morton says I'm short of sense.

A man arrived here yesterday forenoon
Who seemed to be a fighter, and as soon
As ever I had spotted him I flew
And grabbed his satchel and got useful. Say,

His clo's were great, he had on di-mun's, too--
I picked him for a winner right away.

It wasn't tips I thought of, understand;
I hoped that mebbly I could touch his hand;

I brought him pens and ink and things and stood
Around to be as useful as I could
And let him see I thought that he was grand.

I'd like to bump my head against a wall,
Because he ain't a pugilist at all.
I'll bet he never even seen a ring;
He's just an author that is writin' books;

That shows that you can never tell a thing
About how great a man is by his looks.

The Joys of To-day.

[A foreign inventor has devised a method of scenting petrol with essence of heliotrope at an insignificant cost, so that the motor car may emit most agreeable odors throughout its course.--Daily Paper.]

Oh, the joys each road to-day grants,
For now, wheresoe'er you are,
You may catch the perfect fragrance
Of the passing motor car.

Thrushes are to us but lost trills,
Naught we care for songs on high,
Drawing through ecstatic nostrils
Whiffs of motors whirling by.

Crowds throng every roadside:
"Look! a
Motor!" cry they, thrilled with hope.
"Will it, will it be Ess. Bouquet,
Jockey Club or Heliotrope?"

Let the fragrant petrol sink in
Every sense!--indeed it must,
While we rapturously drink in
Spirals of the odorous dust.

Joys are ours, then, joys to gloat o'er,
Blisses spreading far and wide,
While the sweet scent of the motor
Permeates the countryside.

--London "Daily News."

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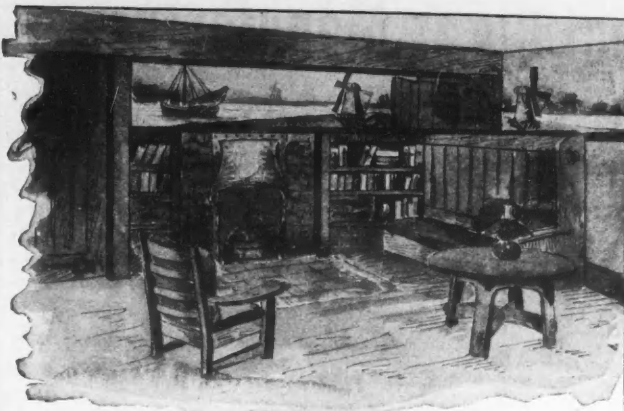
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"There is a strange story connected with the safety pin," said a clerk the other day while selling a young man a gold pin of this description for his summer cravats. "An Englishman invented this pin some thirty or forty years ago. For this admirable invention he was highly honored. Fêtes and applause were showered upon him. If I am not mistaken, the man was even knighted."

"About three-years ago, in excavating in Pompeii, they came upon--what do you think? A perfect safety pin. Hundreds of perfect bronze safety pins. The Englishman's invention wasn't new at all. It was two thousand years old."

"The man had been fêted and honored all his life--he had even been knighted, for an invention that he did not invent."

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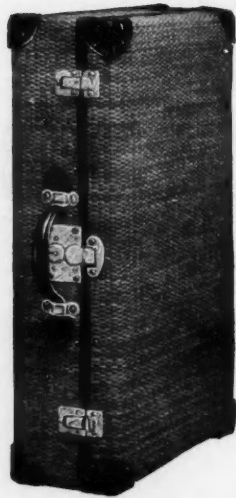


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Society at the Capital.

ANOTHER of the Capital's fashionable summer weddings came off on Tuesday, June 5th, at St. Joseph's church, Wilbrod street, when Miss Mary Inez Goodwin, eldest daughter of Mr. George Goodwin, and the Hon. Henry Joseph Cloran, the popular senator of Montreal, were the principals in one of the largest and prettiest of the many pretty weddings that are becoming so frequent in Ottawa. The church was seasonably and artistically decorated with quantities of white lilies, ferns, and smilax, and Rev. Father Murphy was the officiating priest. The bridal party entered the church at eleven o'clock to the strains of the wedding march, admirably played by Madame Tassé, and during the service solos were beautifully rendered by Mrs. Mayno Davis, Miss May Weir, and Miss Juliette Gauthier, the latter giving a violin selection. The bride's wedding-gown was unusually handsome, and was of white Duchesse satin over accordion pleated chiffon, the skirt having insertions of Duchesse lace, and the bodice made with yoke of point lace and trimmed with silver and pearl embroidery, a handsome point lace fichu being draped over the shoulders and caught at the girdle with a diamond pin, with the ends falling over the train. The conventional veil and orange blossoms were exceedingly becoming, and a handsome diamond pendant, the gift of the groom, was also worn. The bridesmaids, the Misses Irene and Florence Goodwin, sisters of the bride, Miss Frances Cloran and Miss Inez Whelan, wore very effective and delicately tinted gowns of hand-painted chiffon in the various shades of blue, mauve, pink, and green respectively, made en princesse, and trimmed with filmy lace. Large picture hats of Irish lace, with graceful white ostrich plumes, were worn alike by all, and each carried a shower bouquet of sweet peas, tied with long chiffon streamers. Miss Kathleen Cloran made a sweet little flower girl, daintily gowned in white, and carrying a basket of sweet peas. Mr. Joseph McDougall, M.P.P., acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. D'Arcy McGee, Mr. Ormond Haycock, Mr. P. Baskerville, and Mr. Lewis Stone. The bridegroom presented each of the bridesmaids with a gold signet ring, and the flower girl with a gold chain bracelet, the groomsmen and ushers each being the recipient of a gold and pearl scarf-pin. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal party and guests, the latter including all the senators and many of the members of Parliament, with their wives and daughters, who are in town at present, as well as a large number of Ottawans, drove to the handsome residence of Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin in Laurier avenue east, which had been transformed into a perfect bower of flowers—roses, lilies, and carnations abounding everywhere. The newly married pair received under a canopy of lovely blossoms, and had quite an arduous task laid out for them in shaking hands with so many guests, who numbered over two hundred. A large marquee had been erected on the lawn, where dainty refreshments were to be had, and which was beautifully decorated with American Beauty roses in profusion. The wedding gifts were exceedingly well chosen and very handsome, among them being especially noticeable two magnificent cabinets of solid silver, one from the brother senators of the groom, and a second from the Canadian Club of Montreal. The Montreal Liberal Club presented a beautiful clock and candelabra of onyx and bronze, and Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier sent four very handsome cut-glass dishes. After the health of the bride and groom had been proposed by Senator Power, and a few short speeches had been made, and the dejeuner concluded, Mr. and Mrs. Cloran left amid a shower of confetti for New York, Washington, and Baltimore, for a month's honeymoon. The bride travelled in a gown of grey chiffon broadcloth, with a short coat opening over a bodice of grey silk embroidered in black and white, and trimmed with narrow edging of lace and grey applique. A rose-colored hat gave a pretty touch of color to this pretty costume, and was trimmed with rose ribbons and bird of paradise. According to modern custom, as the bride descended the stairway on her way to the carriage, she threw her bouquet among a group of girls waiting to shower her with rice and confetti, and Miss Florence Gorman was the lucky catcher.

Although many of our most energetic hostesses are at present going through the ordeal of getting everything in order for the summer outing, yet the daily round of teas and bridge continues, and, while not quite as numerous as earlier in the season, yet each day contributes its quota. Mrs. W. G. Perley gave one of the most charmingly arranged "bridges" of the year on Friday afternoon, when a welcome innovation was the placing of the six card-tables on the large and airy verandah, where the guests thoroughly enjoyed the cool breeze with the game. Lilies of the valley in quantities were used to

decorate the tea-table indoors, and at the conclusion of the game several additional guests dropped in to tea. Mrs. C. W. MacBeth won the first prize, and the guests included about thirty of the Capital's bridge enthusiasts.

Lady Ross was another bridge hostess of the week, and entertained in this popular manner on Thursday evening in honor of Mrs. Walter Kingsmill of Toronto, who is a guest at the Russell.

Mrs. Joseph Doutre also chose Thursday evening on which to give a bridge party, her guest of honor being Mrs. Plunkett Magann of Toronto, who paid Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Brodeur a visit of a few days, going on to Montreal at the end of the week. Mrs. Doutre's guests were Lady Laurier, Hon. L. P. and Mrs. Brodeur, Hon. Melvin Jones, Hon. Mr. Kirchhoffer, Hon. Mr. Justice and Madame Girouard, Hon. Speaker and Madame Dandurand, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pope, Colonel and Mrs. Vidal and Miss Jeanne Taschereau of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald Walters, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. McGivern, Hon. Senator Mitchell, Mr. A. E. Dymont, M.P., Mr. T. Gavin Wells of Montreal, Mr. Alexander Simpson, and Mr. Harry Christie.

Miss Matthews arrived in town at the end of the week to spend a short time with Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams at Rideau Cottage, and on Friday evening her host and hostess entertained in her honor at a smart little dinner, their guests being Hon. L. P. and Mrs. Brodeur, and Mrs. Plunkett Magann, Captain G. F. Trotter, A.D.C., Captain Paley, and Mr. John Ewart.

The last, but by no means the least, of the social events of the week came off on Saturday, when the garden party given at Government House by His Excellency Lord Grey and Lady Sibyl Grey attracted a very large throng of the fashionables of Ottawa. The weather was perfect and the grounds were in excellent condition and the admiration of everyone. His Excellency and Lady Sibyl received on the terrace, and the Guards Band played most acceptably all afternoon. A party came up from Montreal especially for this event, including Sir Thomas and Lady Shaughnessy, Lady Allan, Miss Shaughnessy, and Sir George and Lady Drummond. Captain Harry Graham was busy renewing old acquaintances, who are very glad to have him among them once more. Lady Sibyl looked extremely well in a gown of white crepe de Chine, and pale blue hat, and the costumes generally were most dainty and pretty, space forbidding the individual mention of any of them.

THE CHAPERONE.
Ottawa, June 11th, 1906.

Clubb's New Tobacco Store.

A. Clubb & Sons opened their handsome new cigar store on the south side of King street, between the Dominion Bank and Yonge street, on Tuesday, and every caller is highly pleased with the place. It is one of the finest stands in town, and the store is finished throughout in solid mahogany. The most modern and artistic electric fixtures ornament the handsome glass counters. Tall wall cases run the length of the store, combining all the new ideas for holding cigars, pipes, etc. The feature of the store, however, is a large "humidor," situated at the back of the store, provided with the new electric arrangement, whereby over a quarter of a million of cigars retain their humidity the whole year round. This is probably the most up-to-date idea ever introduced into a store on this side of the line, and the patrons of Clubb's appreciate the great expense that firm has gone to in providing that the best stock of cigars may be kept at their best flavor the year round.

Kid Jewel Boxes.

This year gifts of jewelry to the bride must be contained in dainty white boxes of French kid—such is the decree of New York and Paris. The custom has been introduced to Toronto by Diamond Hall, and has already become a ruling vogue. Ryrie Bros., Limited, report a diamond and pearl brooch is especially in favor this June as the groom's gift to the bride.

Unanimous.

"And, gentlemen of the jury, so say you all?" inquired the judge of a certain Arkansas circuit, after the verdict had been brought in.

"Well, the rest of us do, and I reckon I ort to," responded the smallest and most paltry-looking member of the assortment of peers. "You see, I originally differed with, or from—which ever is proper—the rest of these yere gentlemen; but they beat me all holler playin' checkers, downed me at mumblety-peg, and then every one of 'em, when we wrestled, grab-holts, to see which side of the question was right, throwed me flat and set on me. So, all things considered, and keepin' to the agreement, I say, with the balance of 'em, that the prisoner at the bar—I sorter forgot what his name is—is guilty as charged."—"Puck."

Delights the Critical

"SALADA"

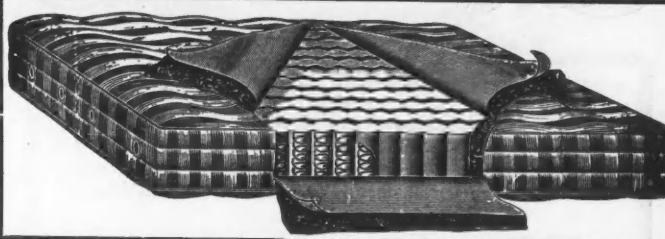
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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

The officers and members of the Argonaut Rowing Club gave a "Pinafore Hop" on Thursday of last week, which proved an extremely enjoyable affair. As was announced, it was in honor of those who had taken part in the comic opera of last March. Mr. Robert McKay, president of the club, presented to each lady member of the cast a souvenir pin enamelled in light and dark blue, the Argonaut colors, showing a combination of Oxford and Cambridge. One of the feminine performers was missing, however, as Miss Olive Clemes was one of the Parkdale brides of last week. Captain Barker, Mr. D. Bremner, and Mr. R. Cowan formed the dance committee, with entirely satisfactory results. Among those present were Mrs. George, Mr. and Mrs. Schuch, Mrs. Read, Mrs. Tallmadge, Mrs. and Miss Hunt, Mrs. and Miss Carter, the Misses George, Mrs. P. Davis, Miss Cooper, Miss McCarthy, Miss Jenkins, Miss McGaw, Major Morson, Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Macdonald, Mr. W. Green, Mr. A. Kerr, Mr. Murphy.

of the Premier of Ontario. Among those present were the Misses Mortimer Clark, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Mr. Douglas Young, Hon. J. P. Whitney, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Thompson, Miss Whitney, with a pretty guest, Miss La Brule of Prescott, Mr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, Mrs. J. S. Willison, Miss Boulton, Colonel and Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. Grantham, Mr. and Mrs. Macgillivray Knowles.

The garden party which was to have been held on the University lawn on Friday afternoon of last week was transformed into an At Home in the main building, owing to the thunderstorm, which made outdoor entertainment an impossibility. In spite of such adverse conditions, the occasion was one of the pleasantest social affairs of the week. Among those receiving were Mrs. Loudon, wearing silver-grey crepe gown, with lace coat; Mrs. Ramsay Wright in black and white, with embroidered scarf, and Mrs. Charles Moss in grey silk, trimmed with black lace.

Mrs. Harry Stirling is visiting her brother, Rev. W. E. Slaght, of New Haven, Conn.

The Ontario Ladies' College of Whitby will hold their commencement exercises June 19. A special train will leave the Union Station at 2.30 p.m., and return leaving Whitby at 6.30 p.m. For railway tickets and admission, apply to Mr. R. C. Hamilton, 45 Scott street, or Mr. R. J. Score, 77 King street west.

Among the firms which will tenant the new ten-story building now being erected on Victoria square, Montreal, by Messrs. Mark Fisher Sons & Co., are Messrs. Perrin Freres & Co. of Grenoble, France, the well-known manufacturers of Kid Gloves, who will occupy the entire sixth floor. This firm seems to be enjoying a very full share of Canada's prosperity, their trade increasing very rapidly. In Toronto they are also about to change the location of their agency to the new Traders Bank Sky Scraper, the highest office building under the British flag.

Mr. A. Revol, manager Perrin Freres & Co., Montreal, left on the 9th inst. for Europe on the SS. "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse." Mr. H. W. Austin, the Ontario representative of the same firm, will accompany him.

Those Foolish Questions.

Owen Wister, the novelist, who hates long-winded preambles and useless questions, tells this story: "A man stood before a mirror in his room, his face lathered, and an open razor in his hand. 'His wife came in. She looked at him and said: 'Are you shaving?' 'The man, a foe to surplussage, replied fiercely: 'No; I am blacking the kitchen range. Where are you—out driving or at a matinee?'—Detroit 'Journal'."

The Music Grinders.

You think they are crusaders sent From some infernal clime, To pluck the eyes of Sentiment And deck the tail of Rhyme; To crack the voice of Melody And break the legs of Time. —Oliver Wendell Holmes.



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The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

BEALEY—Toronto, June 11, Mrs. Leopold W. Bealey, a daughter.
BARTON—Toronto, June 11, Mrs. Edward Barton, a son.
McKAY—Toronto, June 12, Mrs. Kenneth McKay, a daughter.
SHENSTONE—Toronto, June 10, Mrs. Saxon F. Shenstone, a son.

Marriages.

RITCHIE—PATTERSON—On Thursday, May 31, 1906, at "Fernwood," Tadmorden, residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. S. H. Edwards, Frederick Alexander Ritchie, to Amy Victoria, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Patterson.
BACON—BACON—Toronto, June 11, Amy Glennie Bacon to James William Bacon.
DIXON—BROUGH—Toronto, June 12, Margaret Maude Brough to William Dixon, M.D.
ELLIS—MARSH—Toronto, June 12, Catharine Marsh to Gordon Ellis.

Deaths.

EDWARDS—At his home, 6138 Lexington avenue, Chicago, May 23, 1906, John Edwards, in his 76th year. (Formerly of Toronto; captain of No. 5 Company, Q.O.R., at Ridgeway.)
MURRAY—Toronto, June 12, John Wilson Murray, aged 65 years.
SMITH—Ottawa, June 11, Mrs. Henry Smith, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Smith.
TROTTER—Toronto, June 11, Mrs. Hannah Pinfold Trotter, aged 78 years.
YOUNG—Toronto, June 10, James Young, aged 75 years.

The First Lady Mayor.

M. A. P. makes the following reference to the first "lady mayor": With the title of Lady Mayoress we are all familiar, and the more familiar since the monopoly which London and Dublin enjoyed for centuries has been extended of late years to such provincial centers as Manchester, Liver-

pool, Sheffield, Leeds, Birmingham, Bristol, Belfast, Cork, and Cardiff. But the appearance of Lady Dockrell as the mover of the principal resolution at the annual meeting of the Women's Local Government Society, held at the London house of the Earl and Countess of Meath, Lancaster Gate, last week, reminds one that for the first time we have a lady mayor. Lady Dockrell is the first woman in these islands to occupy the position of chairman of an urban council. Lady Dockrell, who is the wife of Sir Maurice Dockrell, a prominent and popular citizen of Dublin, has been a member of the Blackrock Council since the passing of the Local Government Act of 1898, and so excellent an administrator has she proved that she is now head of the council, a position in which she has been placed by the votes of the men councillors.

The Poetry of the Window-Pane.

To the pleasure-loving and the literary public alike the sale of the Red Lion at Henley is an event of uncommon interest. The former delight in the old hostelry because of the excellent view which it affords of the finish of the regatta course; the latter by reason of the "warmest welcome" lines which Shenstone is said to have scratched on one of its windows. Poetry on panes, however, is not so rare as some writers seem to suggest. Less than ten years ago Messrs. Sotheby sold a pane of glass taken from Carlyle's lodgings in Edinburgh, on which the young philosopher had scratched the following stanza:

"Little did my mother think,
That day she cradled me,
What land I was to travel in,
Or what death I should see,
Oh, foolish thee."

Mr. Froude declared his full belief in the authenticity of the relic. At Willoughby, on the London road, a few miles from Rugby, stands the Four Crosses Inn, originally the Three Crosses. Dean Swift, on his way to Ireland, once called there, and, disliking his reception by the hostess, wrote these lines on the window with his diamond:

"You have three crosses at your door;
Hang up your wife, and you'll have four."
—Swift, D., 1730."

The landlady, had she been so minded, might have retorted in the window-glass rhyme of a later poet:

"When I see a man's name
Scratched upon the glass,
I know he owns a diamond,
And his father owns an ass."
—Westminster "Gazette."

There are men who will fight for their prejudices even when they have not the courage of their convictions. —"Life."

Social and Personal

At Dunn avenue Methodist church Miss Lillian M. Welch, daughter of Mr. A. H. Welch, was married to Mr. Alexander A. Robertson, son of the late Mr. James Robertson of Montreal. The Rev. W. Hincks, pastor of the church, performed the ceremony. The bride wore a becoming Empire gown of ivory lace, over chiffon and taffeta, and carried a beautiful shower bouquet of roses and lily of the valley. She wore a diamond pendant, the gift of the groom, and the traditional veil and orange blossoms. Preceding the bride, and holding white ribbons attached to her bouquet, were little Ethel Welch and Bessie Griffith, who were dressed alike, in white silk dresses, trimmed with ruffles and insertions of fine Valenciennes lace. They wore wreaths of marguerites and carried baskets of the same flowers. The bridesmaids, the two sisters of the bride, wore flowered net gowns, made in princess style, with bolero effect. Their picture hats were of white lace and tulle; Miss Effie's hat was wreathed with pink and red roses, and her bouquet was of red roses. Miss Florence's hat was similarly wreathed with blue and pink roses, her bouquet being pink roses. Their souvenirs from the groom were flower pearl pins. The groomsmen were Mr. Clem Alloway of Montreal. The ushers were Dr. Henry Beatty, Messrs. Race Hockin, Harold Richardson, and Charles R. Mitchell. The groom's gift to his best man was a whole pearl pin, to the ushers pearl pins in clover leaf design. During the ceremony Miss Lillian Kirby sang with much feeling and artistic expression, "Beloved, it is Morn." After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, 35 O'Hara avenue. The bride's going-away costume was a blue homespun tailor-made, in princess style. Her hat was of blue mohair straw, with blue plume, and blue and pink flowers. Mr. and Mrs. Robertson will spend a few weeks in Muskoka before leaving for their future home in Montreal. Among the out-of-town guests were Mrs. James Robertson, Mr. Jack Robertson, Mrs. Alexander Woods, Mrs. C. J. Alloway, all of Montreal; Mrs. Christopher Whitman of London, Ont., and Mrs. Mason of Hamilton.

A very pretty house wedding took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. David H. Price, Victoria street, Aylmer, on June 6, when their eldest daughter, Esther Hammond, was married to Mr. Frederic M. P. Watts, manager of the Sovereign Bank, Belmont, in the presence of between eighty and ninety guests. The handsome and spacious home was most beautifully decorated with flowers and foliage, the bridal colors prevailing. The ceremony was performed in the drawing-room, in one corner of which a huge bank of palms and bridal wreath was arranged, and a small floral altar was built. Promptly at seven o'clock the bride, accompanied by her father and preceded by her matron of honor and bridesmaids, entered the drawing-room, and was met in front of the floral altar by Mr. Watts and his groomsmen, Mr. W. R. Houston of Sterling, Rev. R. J. Treleven of Hamilton, assisted by Rev. Joseph Philip of Aylmer, performed the service. Miss Crawford played the wedding march, and during the service Mr. Frederic Freemantle of Boston sang "The Rosary" very sweetly. The bride was charming in an exquisite gown of embroidered net over white satin, with bridal veil, and carrying a shower bouquet of lily of the valley and white roses. The matron of honor, Mrs. Charles Low of Kingston, sister of the bride, was dressed in a handsome dress of point d'esprit over pale blue silk. The bridesmaids were Miss Watts of Sterling, sister of the groom, and Miss Ena Price, sister of the bride. The former was dressed in Persian lawn trimmed with Valenciennes lace, while Miss Price's dress was of white and pink colienne, trimmed with ribbon. Mrs. Price, mother of the bride, wore a gown of white and black silk, and the groom's mother, Mrs. Watts, a handsome black silk dress. Supper was served in the sitting-room beneath a huge bell of bridal wreath and smilax. The rooms were most beautifully decorated, the electric lighting arrangements being particularly artistic. A number of toasts were proposed and responded to, and the singing of Mr. Freemantle and Miss Hogan of Tillsonburg was very much enjoyed. After receiving the congratulations of the large number present, Mr. and Mrs. Watts left for St. Thomas, Niagara Falls, Montreal, and Quebec, returning home by Ottawa and Sterling. They will reside in Belmont. The bride is one of Aylmer's very best girls, and has hosts of friends here, who will wish her every happiness. The groom is also deservedly popular. The presents were very fine and numerous. The groom's gift to the bride was a beautiful pearl heart-shaped pendant, to the matron of honor and bridesmaids pearl brooches in the design of a wedding-bell, and to the groomsmen a scarf pin in the same design. A large number of guests were present from Rochester, Boston, Kingston, Sterling, Toronto, Hamilton, Dutton, London, Port Rowan, and many other places.

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